GEORGE MORLAND

By

J. T. HERBERT BAILY

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To dear Miss Barnaby,
With affectionate Christmas
and New Year Wishes,
and grateful thanks for
continued and never-failing help
in God's work, in the parish of Pitmo
from the Rev^d Dr. and Mrs Swann.
Dec. 25th 1915.

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George Morland

RURAL AMUSEMENT. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by J. R. Smith.

"Connoisseur" Extra Number

George Morland

A Biographical Essay

By

J. T. Herbert Baily

With a Catalogue of the Engraved Pictures

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"In all the range of British Art," wrote the late W. E. Henley in 1888, "there are few things better than a good Morland. Morland was nothing if not a good painter, and Morland's paintings are nothing if not a good arrangement of paint. He was a vigorous and expressive draughtsman; he had the craftsman's sense of his material, and the craftsman's delight in the use of it for its own sake; he was a colourist and a colourist of the good type; and the fact remains, and must go on remaining, that his pictures are painter's work."—W. E. Henley.

GEORGE MORLAND.

A Biographical Sketch.

TO all lovers of English art the pictures of George Morland have an irresistible charm which time has not staled, nor new schools of painting have made less admirable. Constable, the father of English landscape art, who first taught our painters to abandon the old classical conventions and to go to school with nature, was a greater master than Morland, and had a more potent influence upon the progress of art in Europe. But Morland must always hold a very special place in our admiration and affection. He was the genius of English rural life in the eighteenth century. Without the reverent sense of communion with nature, which gives a spiritual splendour to Constable's landscapes, and without the sublime imagination of Turner, which put the very glory of the skies on to a square of canvas, he had a healthy love and a familiar understanding of English country life and scenes, free from the sentimentality of later painters, and a frank realism and candour which make his pictures appeal to one's sense of truth. The spirit of rural England in the eighteenth century lives in his pictures. He loved its old barns with their great beams and dim light. He loved its farmyards with all their rough disorder of country implements and stock. He loved its old houses, its old inns, its old wooden bridges. He was at home in the stable, and gave the immortality of his art to many a brave old horse and shaggy colt. He was the true friend, indeed, of all animals, and Francis of Assisi himself, who called the silly sheep his "good brothers," and preached to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, had not more affection than Morland, who was in no way a saint, for such works of God as pigs and poultry, dogs and cattle, and every live thing of the woods and meadows.

Morland, though he came of a good family and lived some years of his life in the town, was always a countryman at heart. Though he might have consorted with men of wit and fashion, and toyed

with a snuff-box in ladies' *salons*, he preferred the society of the stable, the joviality of the inn-parlour, and the natural scents of the country lane. For his own sake it would have been better if he had taken his place among cultured men and women, but English art has gained much because of his boorishness and democratic tastes. In his pictures we are able to see very clearly what English country life was like in the days of George III., before the modern age had destroyed the picturesqueness of our peasantry, and a good deal of the old joyousness and rural prosperity. True, the habits and customs of the countryfolk were somewhat coarse and more uncouth than now; it was an age of hard drinking, of rough horseplay, of cock-fighting and bull-baiting. But on the whole Morland's pictures are charming in their rural simplicity, though never sacrificing truth to sentiment.

This at least may be recorded to his honour, that, in spite of his own lax morality and intemperate habits, he did not degrade his trust by expressing what was vile and objectionable. Influenced as he undoubtedly was by Dutch art, his pictures do not contain such wanton and ugly vulgarity as sometimes marred the work of the Dutch painters of village life, and they leave one with a feeling of affection for the brighter and best side of the old English countryside.

As a figure painter Morland has been much underrated. There is no doubt that had he been only a portrait painter he would have rivalled Romney himself. As it is, one's imagination is charmed by the types of sweet English womanhood which he has left us in such pictures as the "Letitia" series, for which it is believed his wife was the model.

As the painter of English child life, again, he deserves special honour. It is a pleasant thing to remember the many rosy-cheeked boys and girls whose faces still smile at us from the eighteenth century, whom with sorrow and pleasure, and merry games, he depicted with such sympathy and evident affection. Those tall slim youngsters with the long fair hair and the frilled collars, the short cut-away jackets, and the tight little trousers, and the little round-eyed girls in little soft white blouses high in the waist, were the great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers of some of us; and as

a painter of English domestic life a century and a half ago Morland should be endeared to all of us.

It is a pity that the man himself was not a more attractive personality, or rather a more estimable character. Attractive he must have been in many ways, for reading between the grandiloquent lines of his contemporary biographers who, in imitation of the eighteenth century made his bad habits serve for such lengthy moralising that one sickens at it, one sees that the man had much natural goodness in him, and that in spite of many weaknesses, his heart, as the old phrase goes, was in the right place.

Those who know their "Tom Jones" and their "Roderick Random" do not need reminding that eighteenth century England is not to be pictured from the polished phrases of Joseph Addison, nor judged by the standards of grave respectability which animated the divines and scholars of that time. The morality, or rather the non-morality, of the youthful Tom Jones was not more nor less lax than that of the average young Englishman; and Squire Weston, the father of the adorable and impossible Sophy, with his love of rough sport and strong drink, with his coarse speech, his loud oaths, his good-natured violence, was a truthful portrait of the typical country squire. George Morland seems to have been a mixture of Tom Jones and the fox-hunting squire, though with the gift of genius which neither of these two immortals possessed. The adventures of his early life, indeed of his career throughout, read like pages of Fielding and Smollett, and though we must blame a man for letting himself sink into the moral degradation to which Morland eventually arrived, we must not forget that it was caused by an intemperance encouraged by the habits of his time.

Brushing on one side the moral disquisitions of biographers, which, truly or not, seem insincere and hypocritical, and making allowance for a difference in the moral code, there is a good deal to admire and something to love in the character of George Morland. His joviality, his open-handed generosity in good fortune or bad, his democratic friendship with farmers, cotters, gypsies, tramps, jockeys, and prize-fighters, his hatred of snobs and snobbishness, his spirit of fun and freakishness, his intense love of animals and of little children, are qualities of a more human and lovable kind than

the Pharisaic respectability of those who held him up to scorn. Like Robert Burns, the man had too little ballast, but like Burns also, George Morland had the light of genius in his heart, although it flickered low at times, leaving him in darkness and despair, yet when it was brightest there were many who crowded round to enjoy its prodigality.

Morland was born on the 26th of June, 1763, and his cradle was surrounded with the " properties " of the painter's art. Before he could walk he crawled about among unframed canvases and mahl-sticks, and his earliest recollection must have been the sight of his bright little French mother hard at work before the easel and his father with his palette. For both his father and mother were artists of some distinction in their time. Indeed, Henry Morland still counts in English art, and his pictures of elegant ladies dressed as dairymaids and laundresses, according to the fashion of sham simplicity started by the " naturalism " of Rousseau, and depicted by Watteau, made him a popular society painter. Two of these pictures hang now in the National Gallery, and are very charming works in spite of their rather bluish tone. At the Garrick Club there is his portrait of Garrick as Richard III.; and his portrait of George III., engraved by Houston, is well known in reproductions. For a time he must have earned considerable sums of money, for he lived in the house at Leicester Square afterwards famous as the dwelling-place of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was his good friend. When his son George was born, however, Henry Morland was living in a smaller house in the Haymarket. He seems to have been an erratic sort of man, and to have dabbled in many branches of art, trying his hand at the mezzotint process, engraving in line, and drawing in crayons besides painting in oils. According to Dawe and Collins, the first biographers of George, Henry Morland seems to have been a dishonest fellow, palming off copies of Dutch masters done by his clever son to be sold as original works by equally unprincipled dealers. But there is no definite proof of this, and one cannot help feeling that the statement may have been made out of malice.

Mrs. Morland, his French wife, a vivacious and industrious little body, was an artist of sufficient skill to exhibit at the Royal

PAINTED BY G. MORLAND. ENGRAVED BY W. WARD.

VARIETY

Crowded scenes or lonely groves
My fickle mind by turns approves.

Come then my Votary's, follow me,
The charm of life's variety.

LONDON, PUBLISHED SEPT. 4TH, 1788, BY W. DICKINSON, ENGRAVER, 158 NEW BOND STREET.

Academy, where in 1785 she showed two pictures—a girl with a guinea pig and a girl washing. Her husband was presented by her with three sons and two daughters, and whatever be the merit of his pictures, the world owes our gratitude for the gift of George, whose genius was a goodly heritage in English art.

Many curious stories are told of the lad's up-bringing, and is must be confessed that some of them tax one's credulity severely According to Dawe, his early friend and not too kind biographer, the boy was made his father's little slave, and kept long hours every day shut up in an upper room, copying his father's pictures, and the works of Ruysdael, Hobbema, Gainsborough, and other masters. He had shown an astonishing precocity even in his babyhood, and the usual tales of genius were told of him, such as his childish drawing of a beetle on the floor so extraordinarily life-like and accurate that his father went to crush it with his foot. Such a story is to be read with a smile, but we can believe more easily that in his first drawing of a coach and horses his father detected a quick observation and an instinctive talent for drawing. The boy was always happiest with a pencil, and afterwards a brush, in his hands, and this alone makes it rather difficult to believe the accusations of "cruelty" against his father for keeping him too hard at work, and allowing him no relaxation. Like many boys George went through a period of intense shyness, the boyishness of the hobbledehoy, and it was probably his passion for art, and an excuse of his own awkwardness in society, which made him shun his father's fine company and retire to the solitude of his little studio with his brushes and paints.

It was a strange household, rather disorderly and Bohemian, one would imagine from all accounts. George's two brothers both ran away to sea, probably to escape the paternal tyranny of Henry Morland, who in spite of the artistic temperament does not seem to have escaped the austerity and domineering character of the typical eighteenth century father. But his two sisters were homely and attractive girls, and kept the house merry with their high spirits. There were numerous visitors to the house, for Henry Morland was on familiar terms with his fellow artists, and Flaxman, and the great Sir Joshua himself, would often call in to

pay their respects to Mrs. Morland and to discuss the mezzotint process and art generally with her versatile husband. But while the elegant Sir Joshua and his friends were downstairs, in an upper room young George sat alone with his genius unknown as yet to those who admired his father's inferior work. His chief recreation at this time was music, for when he laid down his brushes it was to pick up his violin and fill his lonely room with throbbing, tumultuous sounds. It would make a subject for a *genre* painter, this picture of young Morland, a dark-eyed, bullet-headed fellow, standing in the midst of a disorder of canvases, brushes, paints, and palettes, playing alone in his garret.

His one tried friend at this period of his life seems to have been a lad named Dawe, who afterwards wrote his biography. This youth became a pupil of Henry Morland, and young George used to go long walks with him on a Saturday afternoon. Dawe describes how they went once to some sandpits at Blackheath, and how amazed he was at the memory of his comrade, when, some weeks later, George made a picture of the scene with such accuracy of detail that it was almost impossible to believe he had not painted it on the spot.

It was a debateable point whether Morland ever studied at the Academy schools, his biographers making precisely opposite statements on this point. But it is believed now that he did attend the schools for a time, and was withdrawn by his mother on account of his having fallen into evil company. It was at this time, we are told, that George also acquired his unfortunate taste for strong liquors, which was in after years to be his curse and his ruin.

By this time, however, when he had turned eighteen years, the secret of his genius had leaked out, and he was recognised by his father's friends as an artist of rare promise. He received two handsome offers, either of which would have filled any ordinarily ambitious youth with joy. Romney offered to take him into his own house as apprentice or pupil at the really excellent salary, for those days, of £300 a year, and an artist named Gress, the drawing-master to the Royal Family, made him a somewhat similar proposal.

But young George was no ordinary boy. On the threshold of manhood he desired but one thing, which had hitherto been denied him, and that was liberty. With a spirit of independence, which had previously been shown in his two brothers who ran away to sea, he cut himself adrift from his family and set up on his own account in lodgings at Martlett Row, Bow Street. He got into touch with an Irish picture dealer, who seems to have been a consummate scoundrel, and for this fellow he painted a large number of pictures, some of them, it is said, of an immodest character—though this has not been satisfactorily proved—which the dealer had no difficulty in selling for much greater sums than he paid to the young painter.

George was now at the crossways of life, and it must be admitted that he took the wrong turning. With liberty there is always the danger of license, and George, having got rid of the curb of parental discipline, and now a young man of high animal spirits, plunged into the doubtful pleasures of the town. His hobbledehoyism had disappeared, and, once having got over the shyness and reserve of youth, he became known in many a tavern and haunt of young bloods as a fellow of infinite jest, of imperturbable good humour, and of a daring and adventurous spirit.

The Cheshire Cheese, off Fleet Street, was one of his favourite haunts, and here he learned to drink deep, and to squander his hard-earned money in loose company. There is an amusing anecdote told by Dawe of how Morland set off one night to Gravesend and fell into the company of a carpenter and a sailor, with whom he journeyed to Chatham, rather frightened by their ruffianly behaviour, but joining them in a drinking bout in some low riverside tavern. After that, he went on a short voyage to the North Foreland in a small sailing vessel, and turned up at the Cheshire Cheese again, after an absence of three days, with a store of amusing anecdotes about his adventures, and a vocabulary of nautical terms.

Shortly after this he fell in with a certain Mrs. Hill, who was more friendly than she ought to have been with many gallants and fashionable men about town. Morland's high-spirited youth, and his genius for painting, attracted the lady so much that she invited him to accompany her to Margate, where

she was going to spend the season. She promised to introduce him to many young nobles and patrons of art who would pay him handsomely for painting their portraits, and would make his fame and fortune.

Our friend George was enchanted with the idea, and getting as much money as he could from the Irish dealer left him to pay the bill for his lodgings, set off on a hired horse to Margate. Here he put up at an inn near the lodgings of his patroness, Mrs. Hill, and for a week or more diverted himself by riding his horse in the sea and along the shore, in the intervals of his visits to the lady. By this time, however, he learnt that the horse-dealer in town was making rather strenuous enquiries after his missing steed. George thereupon sent it back in charge of a postboy, leaving his father, however, to pay the bill, amounting to ten pounds.

Morland's life at Margate was very gay and wild. He had left his boyhood behind him with its shyness and reserve, and now his Bohemian temperament, his rollicking spirit and prodigal tastes, had full play. Mrs. Hill was as good as her word, and introduced him to many fashionable people, of more or less shady character we may imagine in spite of their rank, and Morland seems to have painted their portraits, although none of his pictures can be traced definitely to this time. It is evident, however, that he earned a good deal of money, for he lived lavishly and dressed like one of the dandies. In one of his letters to his friend Dawe he gives an account of his amusements.

" First," he wrote, " I get up in the morning after being called several times—'tis generally about ten o'clock. Then I take a gulp of gin, as I have got some made me a present, then I gang me down to breakfast with a young gentleman, some nobleman's brother, but I forget the name. I was to find my own breakfast, or to go and breakfast with Mrs. Hill, but as he invites me, it is more convenient to have it in his house. At four o'clock dinner is sent to me, after that comes my hairdresser; then dress and go and take a little ride upon the sands if 'tis a fine day, if not fine, why then I only ride up the town, down Churchfield, through Cecil Square, and into the stable again; then I drink tea with my companion, and sup at Mrs. Hill's, though these two nights I have

not been out-of-doors by reason of it being so very stormy; there was a violent storm of wind this morning, and the sea was covered with breakers. There is plenty of diversion here for the polite world, such as dancing, coffee-houses, bath-houses, play-houses."

It was characteristic of Morland that he should "forget the name" of the man with whom he had breakfast every morning. This, however, was Mr. Sherborne, the brother of Lord Digby. He was the friend of Mrs. Hill, and was much attracted by the personality of the young artist. Morland had brought his violin to Margate, and as Sherborne played the piano with some skill, the two friends used to spend many agreeable hours together practising duets. George at this time was a handsome fellow, with a bold merry face, high forehead, sparkling large eyes, and a well-knit figure. Rowlandson's portrait of him at a later period, when dissipation had begun to spoil his good looks, still shows an attractive, jovial, and sporting-looking fellow. With his violin he was a welcome guest in every inn-parlour within a morning's ride of Margate, and after some hours of painting it was his delight to play wild and wanton music to a little crowd of boon companions, who were pleased to give him their applause and drink gin-flip at his expense. It is a wonder that he accomplished any work, for a cock-fight, a horse-race, or a boxing-match was an attraction he could never resist, and some of his adventures on these occasions read like pages from "Roderick Random." His description of his performance as a gentleman jockey is, indeed, as good a picture as one can get of the rowdiness and roughness of sporting life in the eighteenth century.

"You must know," he wrote to Dawe, "that I have commenced a new business of jockey to the races. I was sent for to Mount Pleasant by a gentleman of the turf to ride a race for the Silver Cup, as I am thought to be the best horseman here. I went there and was weighed, and was afterwards dressed in a tight striped jacket and jockey's cap, and lifted on the horse, led to the start, placed in the rank and file; three parts of the people out of four paid great bets that I should win the cup, etc. Then the drums beat, and we started; it was a four-mile heat, and the first three miles I could not keep the horse behind them, being so spirited an

animal; by that means he exhausted himself, and I soon had the mortification to see them come galloping past me, hissing and laughing, while I was spurring his guts out."

It seemed no laughing matter, however, to those who had placed their money on the poor beast, and the rage of the crowd became very threatening.

"A mob of horsemen," continued Morland in his letter, "then gathered round, telling me I could not ride, which is always the way if you lose the heat; they began at last to use their whips, and, finding I could not get away, I directly pulled off my jacket and laid hold of the bridle, and offered battle to the man who began first, though he was big enough to eat me; several gentlemen rode in, and all the mob turned over to me, and I was led away in triumph with shouts."

On another occasion, when he played the jockey again at Margate, he rode so furiously that when he came to the winning-post the other riders were nearly half a mile behind. Again, this did not please those who had backed other horses, and it is a commentary on the manners of the turf in the eighteenth century to find that the winner of the race was nearly killed by a crowd of sailors, smugglers, and policemen, who set on him with sticks, stones, wagoners' whips, and fisticuffs, and nearly killed him. Finally, "a party of my horsemen, and several gentlemen and their servants, some postboys, hairdressers, bakers, and several other people I knew, armed themselves with sticks, etc., ran in to my assistance, and brought me a horse, though the mob pressed so hard it was long before I could mount."

When the season was over at Margate, Mrs. Hill, who still "protected" him (though it appears from his letters that he had little love for her, and no gratitude), carried the riotous young artist to France. Upon leaving Margate, his popularity was proved by the many valuable presents and tokens of affection he received from his many acquaintances.

At Calais, and afterwards at St. Omer, where he stayed with Mrs. Hill, he was handsomely welcomed by French and English families of distinction, who seemed to have already heard of his genius. Commissions for portraits were pressed upon him "by many

THE VISIT RETURNED IN THE COUNTRY. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by W. Nutter.

gentlemen and marquises," so that he had his hands full. In his letters to Dawe he gives some amusing anecdotes of his experiences. At Calais, with his usual genius for tumbling into scrapes, he tumbled over the string of a kite which some French soldiers were flying, and was roundly abused "in all sorts of French fashion." He was amazed at the size of the bed, "so very high I had to jump into it"; at the dirtiness of the French friars, "who never change their clothes till they drop off their backs"; at the Church music, in which he seemed to recognise the English air of "Nancy Dawson"; and at the French women, who went out of doors in rain or sun without hats.

His love of fine dress led him to the haberdashers' shops, where he purchased some clothes at a price which astonished him.

"I bought a fine satin coat yesterday," he writes, "for a quarter price of what it would have cost in London: leather breeches are only half-a-guinea per pair, shoes three shillings, cotton stockings half-a-crown, worsted stockings are dear and very bad. They make them of one piece without any distinction for the foot; that must be formed by putting the stocking on."

In spite of his commissions to paint the portraits of "many gentlemen and marquises," Morland did not stay more than a few weeks in France, for Mrs. Hill returned to Margate and he with her. At this time, however, there seems to have been a danger of the lady falling out with her friend. George was at the impressionable age when a pretty face was worth more than prudence, and at the risk of mortal offence to "Mrs. H.," as he called her in his letters, he was carrying on a very ardent flirtation with her waiting-maid Jenny.

This girl had attracted him upon his first arrival at Margate, and he described her as "one of the sweetest creatures that ever was seen by man. She is upwards of six feet in height, and so extremely handsome that I have fell desperately in love, and what is charming, I find it returned; she has not been long come from Liverpool, and is but seventeen years of age."

It is likely that Mrs. Hill discovered the affection existing between the two young people, for Jenny suddenly left Margate and went to live with her brother in London. Morland, in a brief

visit he paid to his old companions at the Cheshire Cheese (before whom he jingled a purse of guineas and boasted gaily of his achievement), invited his friend Sherborne to go with him to see "the finest girl in the world."

Accordingly they took a coach to her house. Morland sent in his name, "and presently," says Dawe, "a tall handsome young woman made her appearance. After exchanging a few words, he asked whether she would go out with him the following day, which was Sunday; she consented, and he drove off. They met agreeably to appointment, made a circuit among his friends, and a day or two afterward returned to Margate." Shortly afterwards, however, Morland broke off his relations with Mrs. Hill, and came back to town, having promised to marry his pretty Jenny, but not too eager to fulfil his pledge. One would like to know more about Mrs. Hill, who then passes out of the artist's history. She is but a shadowy figure in Dawe's memoir of Morland, and we are not told anything about her age or her looks or her temperament, or the nature of her affections towards her *protégé*. She is called "a woman of the town," but she seems to have lived a quiet and outwardly respectable life, and Morland tells his friend in one of his letters that he was tired of the company of "her old maids." Between the artist and his patroness there does not seem to have been any of that tenderness and sentiment which give a glamour to the relations between Rousseau and his dear friend Madame de Warens. Indeed we must come to the conclusion that Morland was an ungrateful young dog, and as soon as he had made use of Mrs. Hill's good nature in bringing him into touch with patrons of art, he coolly separated from her, preferring his independence.

The maid did not enjoy more fidelity than the mistress. Morland's devotion to "the sweetest creature on earth" suddenly evaporated when the promise of marriage faced him with the prospect of a life-long partnership. He avoided the results of a youthful passion by a stratagem more ingenious than creditable. One of his friends called on Jenny's brother and painted Morland's character in the blackest colours, expressing the conviction that the girl's life would be ruined if she married such an unstable and

dissolute fellow. The brother was gravely alarmed, and paying a visit to Morland, upraided him bitterly and broke off the match, little guessing that the artist rejoiced in his abuse and was profoundly relieved at the conclusion of the scene.

After another foolish flirtation with a certain young servant-maid, which did not, however, lead to any serious consequences, George Morland then lived in the same house for a time with William Ward, the engraver, and in Anne Ward, his friend's sister, he met the woman who was to be the faithful companion of his life. William Ward at the same time fell in love with Morland's sister Maria. There were two weddings within a month of each other, and the two young couples set up housekeeping together in High Street, Marylebone.

At first it seemed an idyllic arrangement, and we can imagine the merry scenes and mutual affection which made the life of the young married people, for a few months at least, a dream of roses and delight. George's high spirits, and the charming grace and beauty of his young wife; William Ward's artistic talent, which gave him common interests with his brother-in-law, and the sisterly affection of Maria, would seem to have promised the most perfect harmony and felicity in the little household. But it has been proved—alas, how many times!—that close relatives may love each other best at a moderate distance, and that for young married people especially it is a fatal mistake to live in the same house with their kith and kin. After the first month or so the strain of the matrimonial yoke begins to be felt. The bachelor begins to feel the loss of his liberty; the young wife begins to find out her husband's failings; and in order that they may get over this trying period of probation the situation must not be complicated by the intrusion of other parties, whose relationship allows them the licence of criticism and interference. We do not know the details of the domestic storms which began to rage in the household of the Wards and Morlands, but with such a passionate and unbridled temperament as that of George Morland we can imagine their violence. There seems to have been jealousy between the two young wives, and fretful suspicion between the husbands. The crisis came when the two young men went out into the sandpit

behind their house and took "pot-shots" at each other with pistols and slugs. Fortunately they seem to have been delightfully bad marksmen, and no more serious consequences ensued than a break-up of the household, and the necessary separation of the two couples.

George and Mrs. Morland set up a new home at Camden Town, and the young artist now devoted himself seriously to his work. Indeed, to do him justice, Morland had never lacked industry, though being of the artistic temperament, to which many things are allowed, it was of a spasmodic character, and alternated with brief periods of idle amusements. Since leaving Margate he had painted his charming pictures of the Idle and Industrious Mechanic, the Idle Laundress, and the Industrious Cottager, as well as his famous and delightful "Letitia" series. These last represent the progress of a young girl from a state of country innocence through the various stages of depravity, until she returns broken-hearted and penitent to her parents. There is no doubt that his wife was the model for these as for many other of his pictures, and they prove her to have been of unusual beauty with the additional charm of a sweet expression. With soft brown eyes, clear-cut and delicately-moulded features, a full and rounded chin, and a graceful figure, she was worthy of Morland's genius by which she has been immortalised. In studying the life of Morland one feels a great respect and a deep pity for this elegant and charming woman, who was faithful to her husband through all the years of his wildness and his heedless extravagance, of his dissolute habits, his debts and endless difficulties, and his moral degeneration. Many a night her pillow must have been wet with weeping when George was away from home on one of his mad escapades, or lying by her side sleeping off the results of a heavy drinking bout. And yet, to be as just as we can to Morland, it must be said that in spite of all his weaknesses and folly he was not ungrateful for the constant love of a good woman, and all that was best in him was his devotion to his wife.

It was at Camden Road that he began to paint the pictures which first made him famous. These were his charming illustrations of child-life and domesticity, beginning with his well-known picture

of "Blind Man's Buff." The sketch for this was seen by J. R. Smith, the printseller, who offered him what was, at that time, the good price of twelve guineas for the completed picture. Morland was hugely delighted with his stroke of good luck, and, in a boisterous mood, vowed that he would drink a glass of gin for each of the guineas he had earned. As soon, therefore, as he had finished his work, with extraordinary rapidity he threw down his brushes and palette, and set off with a crony to the nearest inn, where he drank his twelve glasses with great gusto, returning in an uproarious condition. His brother-in-law, William Ward, with whom he was now on friendly terms again, engraved the picture, and it immediately achieved a wide popularity.

Morland followed up this success by other pictures of a similar character, such as "Children playing at Soldiers," "Children Knitting," "Children Birdsnesting," "The Angry Farmer," "Boys Bathing," "Boys Robbing the Orchard," "Gathering Butter-flowers," "The Kite Entangled," "Juvenile Navigators," "Gathering Blackberries," "Selling Guinea Pigs," "Dancing Dogs," and "The Snowball." All these were engraved by William Ward, and sold by J. R. Smith as quickly as they were finished.

They appealed straight to the heart of the English public, for no painter had hitherto shown such a sympathetic understanding of child-life, nor devoted his genius to the beauty and charm of rustic youth. Even now they have lost none of their appeal to one's love of youthfulness, for their simplicity, their naturalness, their merriment, and their exquisite delicacy of treatment, put them in a rank immeasurably higher than the falsely sentimental and crudely painted child-subjects which now fill fond mothers with ecstasy, and lovers of art with despair.

Among the most charming of Morland's pictures are his "Visit to a Boarding School," and "Visit to a Child at Nurse." In the first picture an elegant and beautiful mother, dressed in the height of eighteenth century fashion, in a satin gown, a "Siddons" hat with an immense black feather, and powdered hair, in her Marie Antoinette dress, is waiting to see her children. The schoolmistress, a very prim "old maid," in a white mop-cap, is evidently recounting some of the naughtiness of her charges, who are being led in by a

simple white-robed damsel, whom we may imagine as a younger mistress. The hesitation and timidity of a little brunette and a small curly-headed youngster who are evidently much in awe of such a formal visit on the part of their grandmamma, are accordingly expressed, and the two little girls who are peeping behind the door add to the entertainment of a delightful scene.

In the other picture mentioned above, "The Visit to a Child at Nurse," we have another lady of fashion playing the lady bountiful in a country cottage, where a young mother sits with a babe at her breast, while another child lies fast asleep on a bed in the corner; and the details of the cottage are painted with the accuracy of a man who knew the rustic life of England in the eighteenth century with an intimate familiarity. Morland, indeed, was always a realist in the best sense of the word, and, in spite of his unstable character and wild, dissolute ways, he set a splendid example to his brother artists by the conscientiousness of his work. In order to study the expressions and natural poses of children, he invited all the little ones of the neighbourhood to his studio at Camden Town, and he made innumerable sketches of them as they played merrily around his easel. It is said, and truly said, that no man can be really bad who loves animals and little children, and certainly much may be pardoned George Morland for his tenderness towards both of them. What Mrs. Morland had to say on the matter we know not, but the artist's house was a liberty-hall, not only to small boys and girls, but to birds and beasts of every domestic description. Donkeys, pigs and poultry, jackdaws in wicker cages, guinea-pigs and rabbits, would keep him company as he painted, and many a time, when he was engaged on a rural picture, his floor would be littered with straw as if it were a barn. He never painted without models, and if he wanted to get the tone of a red cloak, or the face of some quaint rustic character, he would station a friend at the window to look out for a passer-by who would suit the requirement, ready to pounce out and invite the wayfarer in. On such occasions, we are told, he gave liberal presents to those who had been useful to him.

Morland, no doubt, seemed mad to many of the elegant people with whom he sometimes associated, and who could not understand

THE TRAVELLER. BY GEORGE MORLAND.
(*From the Original Painting.*)

the familiarity with which he treated the "low, vulgar characters" with whom he was hail-fellow-well-met. But, as he had set out to paint rural comedies and scenes of English peasant and sporting life, he naturally required models of that kind—unlike his father, who, with an artistic insincerity, painted fashionable ladies as dairy-maids and laundresses. There is always a suggestion of contempt and almost of indignation in the contemporary accounts of Morland's life at the idea of an English gentleman being mixed up with "the vulgar herd," but the truth is that this feeling of *caste* was very strong in the eighteenth century, and his biographers failed to understand the necessities of his art and the democratic nature of his temperament. It is with evident amazement that Dawe tells the story of how he fell in with a sergeant, drummer, and private soldier, who were on their way to arrest a deserter, and entertained them for a night at his house with as much drink as they could absorb. But it was not merely for the purposes of a carouse that Morland behaved in this way. He put a thousand questions to the soldiers and made a number of sketches, which resulted afterwards in his fine picture of "The Deserter."

If his private reputation suffered, his art gained also by his familiarity with the drivers of the Hampstead and Highgate coaches, with their ostlers and stable-boys, and with the wagoners, horse-dealers, jockeys, prize-fighters, and yokels who took refreshment and enjoyed the conviviality of the taprooms at the inns within a ten mile radius of his house at Camden Town. Even if his pencil was not busy, his vivid brain was recording a thousand impressions which afterwards were used in such pictures as "The Interior of an Ale-house," "The Ale-house Politicians," and "The Amorous Ploughman."

With his immense fund of high spirits, his rollicking humour, and his lavish generosity, Morland was the most popular character on the coaching roads, and could have ridden on any stage-coach in the kingdom with the prerogative of a man who had "the freedom of the whip." As he spent his money faster than he earned it, and was always ready to give a guinea to any poor devil who tramped the highway, or a free meal and drink to any rogue or vagabond with an empty stomach, he was naturally

surrounded by a crowd of spongers and "good fellows" who had a royal time as long as his funds held out. At the "Britannia," a hostelry in the neighbourhood of his house, he would take the chair of an evening after a hard day's work, not waiting to change his clothes, but dressed in his old painting coat with buckskin breeches and riding boots, and until the early hours of the morning a gathering of painters, engravers, apprentices, and young bloods would shout the chorus of his songs, drink hilariously at his expense, and acclaim him with real enthusiasm as the prince of good fellows and the very king of sportsmen.

George himself was the ringleader in their maddest frolics, and when the meetings had broken up, he and his companions would terrify the peaceful citizens of Camden Town by such pranks as would have done credit to the bloods of the Hell-Fire Club. On one such night Morland overtook a "patrol," or night-watchman, and fired off a pistol close to his ear to give him a scare, running off like a schoolboy down the street. The furious watchman gave chase with fixed bayonet, and finding that he was being outstripped, threatened to fire at the culprit. Morland thought he had carried his joke far enough, and not wishing to end his career, stopped, and then with the greatest glee disclosed his name to the guardian of the peace. This, with the present which no doubt followed, seems to have pacified our friend Dogberry, who knew the reputation of the amiable Mr. Morland and his peculiar sense of humour.

The most amazing episode in the career of this erratic genius was when he became "head borough," or police-officer, of his division. The good fun of being dressed in a little brief authority and, outlaw as he was himself, of representing the dread authority of the law, seems to have pleased his whimsical imagination. It was certainly, to use an anachronism, a Gilbertan farce. Morland soon tired of his constable's uniform and of the duties attached to it, and got into fearful scrapes in consequence.

"When busily engaged in finishing a picture," writes Dawe, his friend and biographer, "and in great need of the money, or just going on some favourite excursion with a jovial party, a precept would arrive from the high constable ordering him to some distant place on disagreeable business that would last the whole day; thus

his plans, whether for pleasure or profit, were often destroyed. If he had to serve a summons for a jury, he was ever behindhand in executing it, and seldom accomplished it till he had exhausted the patience of the coroner, who did not fail to reprimand him severely. He was not only embarrassed in the discharge of his duties as 'head borough,' but his companions, the hired constables, imposed on his inexperience by feigning that there were disagreeable commisions to be executed, to get rid of which he would treat and bribe them in various ways. It is not extraordinary that under such circumstances he should have been thoroughly tired of his office before the time of its expiration."

While living at Camden Town, Morland introduced into his household two men who had a considerable influence upon his life, and to some extent, upon his career. These were Irwin and Brooks. The first seems to have been a young and gentlemanly fellow who had a more or less disinterested affection for Morland, and in return for his hospitality, was useful to him as an agent for the sale of his pictures to the dealers. It is probable that he sometimes made a good thing out of some of these sales, beginning a system which was afterwards disastrous to the painter, who was surrounded by scheming fellows ready to purchase his latest work at a cheap rate for the ready-money which Morland could never resist, and shrewd enough to sell the paintings to patrons and dealers at a considerable profit to themselves. Be this as it may, with regard to Irwin, he certainly acted as a kind of business manager to the eccentric genius, and joined also to the fullest extent in his dissipations and adventures. In their cups and out of them the two men quarrelled, to shake hands again when their temper cooled, but at last something caused real strife between them, and Irwin left his former friend's house never to return. He died not long after the separation, but whether his death was due to the excesses learnt in the company of Morland is somewhat doubtful.

The second man who came into the artist's household, this time to stay as a faithful friend and servant, was a fellow of low degree, called Brooks, who had been a shoemaker by trade, but had all the qualities which go to the making of a valet or a confidential

servant who can turn his hand at any servile job, and suffer all the temper, abuse, and contempt of a master with dog-like fidelity.

From the time of his coming to Camden Town, Brooks was an inseparable companion of our artist. He drank with him, pandered to his vices and laughed at his jokes in good fortune; he cooked his kippers and cleaned his boots, and kept his creditors from the door in bad fortune. He followed his patron into hiding and into prison, and in fact was an indispensable servant to the man, who, in many respects, was as helpless and as dependent upon such a slave and drudge as a spoilt child. Morland's relations with him remind one uncommonly of the companionship between Roderick Random and Strap, the journeyman barber.

Although the artist was by this time a man of considerable reputation in his profession, and sold his pictures as fast as he painted them, he had already entered into the financial quagmire which was eventually to overwhelm him. Surrounded, as we have seen, by rogues who became art-dealers because he played into their hands, so that he seldom received the full or proper price for his work, he also threw his money away in the most wanton and riotous manner, and was further impoverished by a reckless generosity to those who sponged upon him. He fell into debt with all his tradesmen, and borrowed money from chance acquaintances, which he found it difficult or impossible to repay when his bills fell due. His success and also his splendid good nature kept these creditors quiet for some time, and there is a good story told of how he got on the soft side of a worthy tallow-chandler, who had been fretful at Morland's long delay in redeeming a loan. He was invited to a friendly game of skittles, for which he had a passion, and when he was winning, and cheerful, his attention was directed to the lugubrious face of the artist. Upon enquiring the cause he learnt that Morland was dejected because he could see no way of paying back the borrowed money. The tallow-chandler's heart was touched, and he straightway cancelled the debt. But, alas! all men were not tallow-chandlers; and bakers, butchers, and others more brutal, now called for a day of reckoning! Morland did not wait for it. With the aid of Brooks he smuggled out his furniture,

and did a "flitting" from his house, relieved beyond measure, as he confessed, "to give the slip to the people of Camden Town."

His affairs were put into the hands of a solicitor named Wedd, who became one of his best friends, and devoted himself now and later to the task of extricating Morland from his pecuniary embarrassments. On the advice of this man the artist sought sanctuary from his creditors by taking lodgings "within the rules," that is to say, in the neighbourhood of the Courts, with a letter of license by which he undertook to pay off his debts in instalments. They amounted to about £200, not much of a sum compared to the heavy debts which he afterwards incurred, and at the end of fifteen months he had paid them off, in an honourable way, by hard work.

He then moved to Leicester Street, Leicester Square, where he obtained the patronage of some gentlemen anxious to secure his pictures. One of these was an officer named Colonel Stuart, for whom he painted the picture of "Gypsies kindling a fire," the first of a series in which he adopted a new style of subject. George Dawe, in his biography of Morland, relates the incidents connected with the picture.

"Colonel Stuart called one morning with a friend to see the progress of his picture, and asked Morland, who was at work upon it, when it would be finished. He replied that it would be ready by four o'clock. The Colonel, seeing how much it wanted of being completed, expressed his doubts, but Morland repeated his assertion. After looking over him for some time, Colonel Stuart declared to his companion, in French, his admiration of the work, adding that he did not conceive it possible to finish it in so short a time; which Morland understood, but made no remark; the Colonel said he would call at the appointed hour and took his leave. Our artist, having received nothing in advance and being in want of money, was anxious to fulfil his engagement, and, as soon as the gentlemen were gone, began to consider how he could curtail the work. With this view he obliterated several figures which he had sketched, and in their place introduced one in a carter's frock, threw in masses of shade and foliage, which diminished the labour, and by three o'clock his task was completed. He was now only concerned lest his employer should not return, and in the meantime amused

himself by playing at shuttlecock. The colonel, however, arrived between four and five o'clock, and, after expressing his surprise at the expedition with which he had finished the picture, gave him a check on his banker for the amount."

Morland changed his lodging several times in London between the years 1789 and 1790, but at last decided to get out again into "the country," selecting Paddington, now in the very centre of the hurley-burley of the town, but then a quiet and rural retreat. He was good friends with mine host of the White Lion at Paddington, which, being a drovers' house and a highway to the cattle market, gave admirable opportunities to the artist in the way of subjects for his brush. He rented a house opposite to the picturesque old inn and overlooking the yard, which was crowded day after day by cattle-drivers and their animals.

At this time Morland took into his household two pupils, named Brown and Hand, who were ambitious of following in his footsteps as painters of rural life. They seem to have been an ill-matched pair, and Morland's biographers improve the occasion by holding up the former as a model of respectability and virtue, and the latter as a dissolute and good-for-nothing fellow who entered with too much zeal into the amusements of his master. It is true that David Brown seems to have given up a good business as a house and sign-painter in order to follow Morland, but apart from this first infatuation, he was evidently a canny fellow with a very shrewd eye for the main chance. He took advantage of Morland's eagerness to get hold of ready-money by making him loans, or buying up pictures when the paint was still wet on them, and then disposing of them for considerable sums. Thus "The Farmer's Stable," which he bought from Morland for forty guineas, was sold after its exhibition for upwards of one hundred, and "The Strawyard," a companion picture, for a hundred and twenty. Eventually Morland tired of Mr. David Brown, who, having learned to paint respectable copies of his master's work, left him and set up in the country as a drawing-master.

Morland might now have been a wealthy man had he possessed even an elementary idea of business and thrift. At times his earnings amounted to a hundred pounds a week, for he painted

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

Lætitia with her Parents

Here the sequester'd Virtues dwell | *May no rude Storm disturb the cell*
And Reason guides the busy hour | *Or blast contentments humble flower*

London Published [illegible] 1789 by J R Smith King Street Covent Garden

with amazing rapidity, and, in spite of his wild habits, his industry was remarkable. But he used his pictures as another man would draw cheques, and overdrew his account. When a tradesmen pressed for a settlement of his bill, Morland would hand over a newly-finished painting, which the man could immediately dispose of with a considerable margin of profit for himself. Or if he wanted to obtain credit from his wine-merchant or horse-dealer, he would pledge himself to paint so many pictures within a certain time. It was an amazing situation, and the tradesmen of Paddington became so many art-dealers with a personal and pressing interest in Morland's career. At his house opposite the White Hart, and afterwards at Winchester Row, Paddington, whither he removed, his studio became the resort of touts, money-lenders, shopkeepers, and small tradesmen of every description; besides loafers and hangers-on such as prize-fighters, jockeys, horse-dealers, farmers, drovers, ostlers, and tramps who came to see Morland at work on pictures in which they held shares or which they demanded as "payment on account."

As Morland's studio was a sort of Tom Tiddler's Ground, in which all these people had pegged out a claim, and in which they were all rivals, it is easy to imagine the jealousies and enmities which existed between them. Morland himself seems to have seen the humour of the situation, and with his whimsical twist of mind to have derived much amusement by playing off his creditors against each other.

At Paddington he lived "like a lord," though like a very disreputable and dissolute lord. He kept "the highest style," dressed like one of the dandies, employed two grooms and a footman in livery for his personal attendance, gave open hospitality and the best of wines to his crowd of "friends," and put good horses into his stables. Not only did he indulge in what after all were but reasonable expenses for a man of his position and income, but, like some feudal baron, he clothed as well as fed his "retainers," giving away his brand-new suits to any shabby fellow who had a laugh for his jests, and scattering his money with prodigal generosity upon any "poor devil" who begged a loan. His establishment at this time reminds one of that of the great Alexandre Dumas, who had

a similar joy in playing the lord bountiful to a crowd of ne'r-do-wells and hangers-on.

To modern readers who have not studied the social side of the eighteenth century, the fact that Morland attended cock-fights, prize-fights, bull-baiting exhibitions, and wrestling-matches, may seem a proof of his inherent vulgarity, but it must not be forgotten that noble young bloods of the time would not be above taking off their coats in the public highway or in the ring and having a bout with a brawny butcher or any expert in the fine art of pugilism. To have stood up to the "Game Chicken," or to the "Bantam of Bermondsey," was an honour held dear by many a young gentleman whose forefathers had fought at Agincourt and whose family escutcheon showed many quarterings.

Morland became such an enthusiastic patron of pugilism that he hired a room in the neighbourhood which he kept as a school for sparring, providing generous entertainment and giving prizes to well-known boxers and their pupils who frequented this academy of sport. The place, however, became so disorderly, and so much damage was done to the room, that the landlord was soon glad to get rid of such dangerous and damaging tenants.

Morland, in spite of his enthusiasm, does not seem to have been much of a hand with the gloves. A story is told of a pugilist named Ward who, having obtained Morland's consent for him to borrow a horse out of the stable, took the best animal there, and failed to return it. When Morland missed it, and questioned Ward about it, the fellow impudently confessed that he had sold the horse. Morland, whose temper was hot enough at times, would have liked to pay himself back by hard knocks at Ward's rascally head, but the pugilist was the better man in a stand-up fight, and the artist, recognising this, allowed the debt to go unpaid and unpunished.

On another occasion, when he was at the rooms of the famous prize-fighter Bob Parker, with whom he was on close terms of friendship, the Duke of Hamilton, who was also a patron of the sport, looked in, and "graciously" invited the artist to have a bout with him. But Morland was either too much abashed at the honour of unching a Duke's head, or too incompetent to do it, for

he was quickly knocked out of time, and obtained nothing but the contempt of his noble antagonist.

This peer seems to have had a haughty and insolent manner with those he considered his social inferiors, in spite of his condescension in associating with sporting men. After the episode first mentioned, " His Grace ordered a coach, and after enquiring of Morland where he was going, desired him to get into it, with Parker, and said he would set him down. The noble peer then mounted the box, and the coachman got behind. When they arrived near Morland's mansion, the Duke stopped, and asked which was the house. On being told that it was three doors further off, he abruptly bade the painter get out, and in a manner which did not a little hurt his pride ; for he often observed, when speaking of this incident, that he was never so chagrined at any insult he ever received."

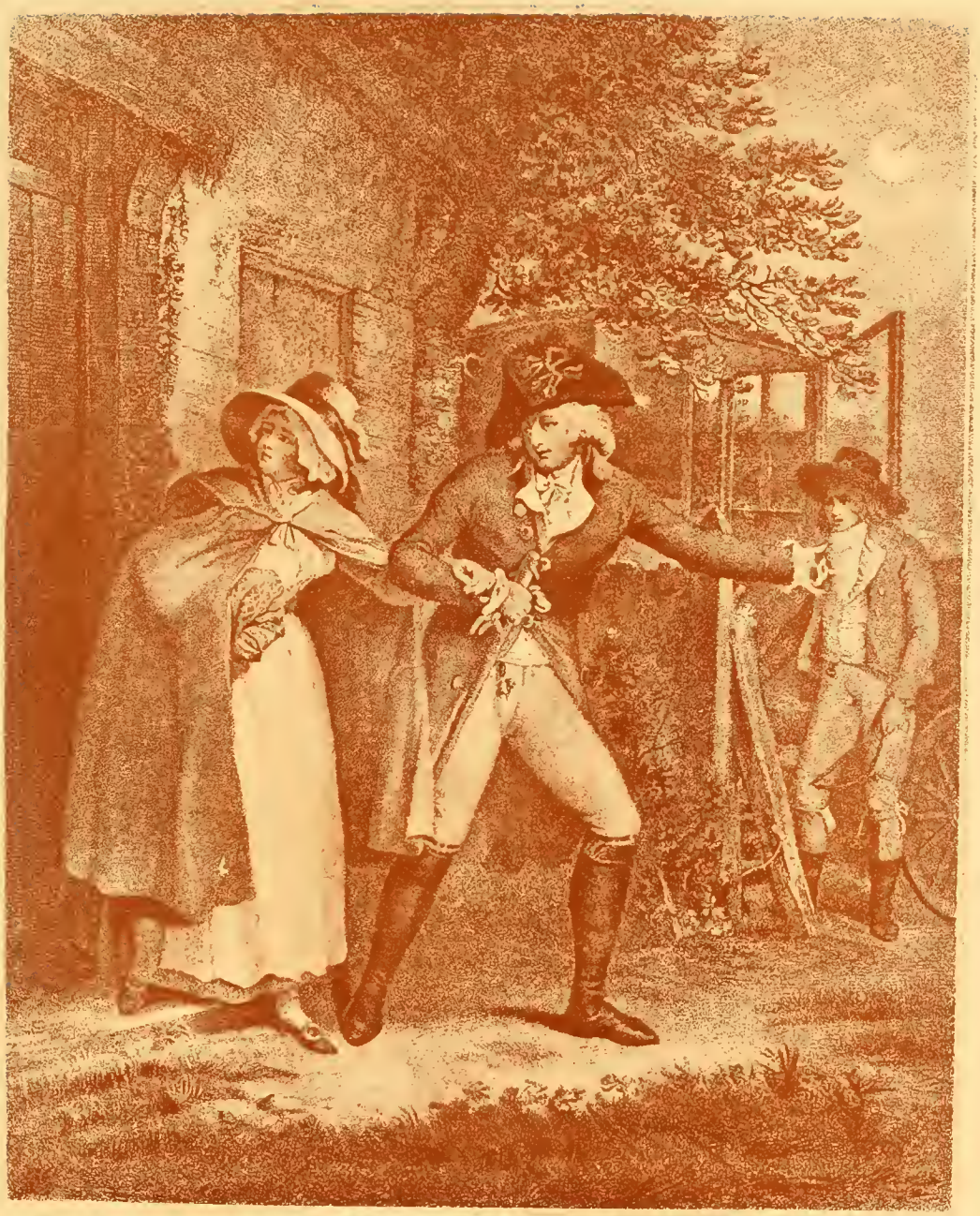
Morland had indeed an incurable dislike for the company of aristocrats and men of fashion. This he carried so far that he would refuse commissions from would-be patrons, preferring to sell his works through the dealers, although he lost heavily by doing so. But he always liked to please his own tastes and to paint his pictures as his own genius dictated, whereas he explained that, if he painted anything for a gentleman connoisseur, he was sure to have it sent back with instructions to alter the sky or the background, or some detail of composition which, if carried out, would spoil the whole effect.

He was a democrat in every fibre, and would not have given half-a-guinea for a " handle to his name." He did, indeed, refuse to apply for a baronetcy, to which, in the opinion of his friends, he was justly entitled. The Morland family claimed to have descended from Sir Samuel Morland, a scientist of considerable renown during the Protectorate of Cromwell and the Restoration. Employed for the time in the diplomatic service, by Thurloe, Cromwell's Secretary of State, and afterwards one of the gentlemen who met Charles II. at Breda in 1660, he was made a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and a baronet in return for his services. But it was as a scientist that he became most famous, and he certainly showed a remarkable genius for invention. It was he who first produced a speaking

trumpet, the original now being at Cambridge, and an arithmetical machine, now exhibited at South Kensington. He also raised water to the top of Windsor Castle, and there is some evidence that his theories on the power of steam contained the germ of the future discovery which led to the revolution of the mechanical world. The baronetcy fell into abeyance in 1716, upon the death of Sir Samuel Morland's son, and it was commonly believed that upon the death of Henry Morland, George was the next-of-kin and could have claimed the title with full right.

George, however, laughed at the idea of it, observing "that plain George Morland would always sell his pictures, and there was more honour in being a fine painter than a titled gentleman; that he would have borne the disgrace of a title had there been any income to accompany it; but, as matters stood, he swore he would wear none of the fooleries of his ancestors." Such revolutionary sentiments must have seemed the rankest blasphemy at a time when the French Revolution had shocked our English gentry into strong antagonism to democratic ideals.

George Morland's reference to his lack of income was made at a time when the jovial and extravagant life at Paddington previously described had come to its inevitable end. Successful as he was, no success could well keep pace with a reckless prodigality which no ordinary industry, nor even the extraordinary industry of such an artist as Morland, could pay for honourably. It must be remembered that pictures did not fetch the large sums of money which are now expected by distinguished artists. That one or two of Morland's paintings should have been sold for a hundred or a hundred and twenty guineas was remarkable and quite exceptional, and with his method of dealing through amateur and professional agents, it is doubtful whether he ever personally received more than half those sums for his best work. Living from hand to mouth, and obtaining credit far in advance of his painting, his debts accumulated heavily, and the time came when his creditors pressed for a settlement. Then all those boon companions and hangers-on, who had been ready enough to drink his wine, to ride his horses, and to wear his clothes, dropped away from him, and Morland had to face the fact that friendship is a commodity that may be bought at a dear price,



Painted by G. Morland. Engraved by J. R. Smith.

2. THE ELOPEMENT.

Lætitia seduced from her friends under a promise of Marriage

Ye fair from that scene the Virgin goes, *To fond a couch is treacherous,*
Fired by the gay Seducers art *A wounded & betrayed heart*

London Published Jan.ʸ 1.1789 by J. R. Smith King Street Covent Garden.

and does not often endure round the ruin of a fortune, or on the threshold of a debtor's prison.

A story is told by his former schoolfellow, George Dawe, which does not redound to the honour of the artist, but which, if true, proves once again that, when a man is pressed for money and on the brink of ruin, his conscience and sense of honour are apt to be dulled at the moment of a great temptation.

A certain young fool, who had been given a substantial sum of money by his father to bribe his way into a Government position, a practice common enough in those days of patronage, failed in his purpose, probably because some worthy official scorned to receive a bribe—below his usual purchase money!—and having consoled himself at a wine-shop, proceeded to Morland's house to spend the evening. Morland, learning that his young friend carried a considerable amount of money on his person, naturally desired to possess what he urgently needed at that particular time. He primed the youth with more wine and then begged him for a loan, promising that in return for such accommodation he would hand over the picture he was then painting, which was much admired by the wine-flushed young gentleman. The scheme succeeded, and the youth went home with empty pockets to his father, whose wrath was loud and violent. The worthy citizen sent his son back with the I.O.U. which Morland had solemnly made out, demanding the instant return of the money. But, alas, the money no longer existed as far as Morland was concerned, for he had immediately paid off some of his most pressing bills and indulged riotously with what was left. This affair might have ended very seriously for our friend, but with his usual promises of repaying the loan in a short time, he staved off the danger. But he was now in the midst of a quagmire of debt amounting to more than £4,000, and at last he considered it prudent to fly from his big house in Paddington to a farmhouse at Enderby, in Leicestershire, where he lived quietly for a time with his faithful wife.

But Mr. Wedd, his solicitor in London, his brother-in-law William Ward, and a few other real friends, went to work to extricate Morland from his difficulties, and to save him from the danger of a debtor's prison. A meeting of his principal creditors was called

in 1791, and upon the guarantee of the solicitor, or attorney as he was called in those days, they agreed to accept payment by instalments spread over a certain period. Morland, on his side, promised everything that was good—economy, temperance, and other virtues, which may have been innate in him, but had certainly never been cultivated by him before. With every good hope, therefore, that he would turn over a new leaf and make the most of his fine genius, his friends rented a house for him in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, upon receiving a pledge that he would endeavour to pay off his debts at the rate of £120 per month.

For a time Morland worked assidiously, and according to Dawe earned a very handsome income. About this time, says his friend, he painted for his friend, Colonel Stuart, "The Benevolent Sportsman," a picture which had been ordered for three years as a companion to that of "The Gypsies" before mentioned, and so great was his readiness with the brush, that he completed this in about a week, and received for it seventy guineas, his prices having been nearly doubled since the production of his first picture.

For Mr Wedd [his solicitor] he painted in one day two small pictures, "Watering the Farmer's Horse," and "Rubbing down the Post Horse," for which he was paid fifteen guineas, and he has been frequently known to earn a hundred guineas in a week.

On the other hand Morland seems by this time to have earned the distrust, the very natural distrust, of his former creditors and patrons, who were not so ready now to pay him money on account for pictures which he had in hand or in contemplation Consequently, in order to get ready-money, which was so necessary for his indulgence of the extravagant habits which he could not break off, he fell to the expediency of painting a large number of small pictures, for which he still found no difficulty in getting purchasers. For this reason his credit undoubtedly suffered, and at the same time his reputation. From this period began the mental and moral deterioration which eventually resulted in utter ruin. Previously he had been a gay spark, carried away to mad pranks, reckless prodigality, and occasional bouts of intemperance by an excess of animal spirits and love of good fellowship. But now his intemperance seems to have become a confirmed habit—he had

lost that youthfulness which is the only excuse for folly. His capacity for drink seems to have been Gargantuan, if we may believe a schedule in which he set down the items of one day's carouse. This interesting document is as follows :—

G. MORLAND'S BUB FOR ONE DAY AT PADDINGTON

(Having nothing to do).

Holland's Gin Rum and Milk	Before Breakfast.
Coffee	Breakfast.
Hollands Porter Shrub Ale Hollands and Water Port Wine with Ginger Bottled Porter	Before Dinner.
Port Wine—At Dinner and after.	
Porter	
Bottled ditto	
Punch	
Porter	
Ale	
Opium and Water	
Port Wine (at Supper).	
Gin and Water	
Shrub	
Rum on going to bed.	

Underneath this amazing inventory is a sketch of a tombstone, with a death's-head and crossbones, with this epitaph :

"HERE LIES A DRUNKEN DOG."

One's admiration for the genius of the man is strained by such a proof of debauchery. Yet if there are any extenuating circumstances for such bestiality they may be found in the habits of the age, when it was not an unusual thing for gentlemen of high rank and intellectual culture to be carried to bed in their boots, or to be found after an evening's carouse under their dining-room table.

Morland's period of financial reformation at Charlotte Street was of brief duration, and, putting on one side all his promises and

obligations, he began a fresh career of carelessness, borrowing money from anybody rash enough to lend it, bartering his pictures for sums far beneath their "market value," and going with open eyes into a fresh quagmire of debt; and he rode gaily enough on the way thereto.

He rode there in a literal sense, for he always had a passion for horseflesh, and some of his heaviest debts were incurred upon bills with jobmasters and horse-dealers, from whom he borrowed his hacks. He was not always particular about returning them at the proper time, and on one occasion lent a good horse to a friend who rode away and did not return with it. Morland got into trouble about it, but eventually recovered possession of the animal and returned it to its owner.

Among the extraordinary people with whom Morland was in the habit of associating was a money-lender and dealer named Levi. This man, who was a low and unprincipled fellow, was often in his company, and soon got a hold upon Morland in a way familiar to the Israelites. Having laid his snare with outward show of friendship, the time came when he pounced upon his prey, and he had the artist arrested for debt. By good fortune Morland regained his liberty, owing to the generosity of some friend. With his blood at boiling-point he rushed off to the money-lender's, and challenged him to a fair fight. A crowd of loafers and inhabitants had gathered outside, and Morland, with these spectators to see the glory of his achievement, leant over the counter and struck his enemy a violent blow on the nose, to the enormous pleasure of the crowd. The Jew, raising a great din, protested that he would "take the law of him," but showed no desire to take the law into his own hands. Morland, however, a hero in the eyes of the onlookers, was satisfied with his revenge, and, without doing further damage upon the body of the traitor, departed in a blaze of glory.

Another of Morland's companions during his residence in Charlotte Street was an ingenious fellow who had a pretty talent as a ventriloquist. With this man Morland had many amusing adventures in the style of Valentine Vox, such as when a fish was made to confess its own rottenness to an astounded fishwife of Billingsgate Market.

Painted by G. Morland

Engraved by [illegible]

3. THE VIRTUOUS PARENTS.

Latitia endeavours in vain by presents to reconcile her Parents.

No Child will not do an unhappy child,
Nor will not find a Welcome here

Nor heaps of gold by guilt defil'd
Can wipe away a Parents tear

London Published Jan.y 1.1789. by J.R.Smith King Street Covent Garden

Morland's sense of humour delighted in tricks of this kind, and he indulged in such practical jokes as would be pleasing to the intelligence of a fourth-form schoolboy. One day for instance he bought a badly-smelling mackerel, and carrying it off to a public-house in Francis Street, where he often used to dine with convivial friends, he stuffed it under the seats of one of the chairs. Soon after the men had assembled, "an ancient and fish-like smell" became painfully apparent and caused consternation. Morland called up the landlord, and with mock indignation protested that the smell would drive all his friends away. The room was overhauled, but nothing was found for some time afterwards, when the servants who were "spring-cleaning" discovered the cause of the mischief.

Morland's original creditors were meantime waiting for their money, and after his first few months of regularity he did nothing but create new creditors by extending his debts. His love of independence, which had been characteristic of him when he left his father's house as a boy, was now intensified into a kind of suspicious dislike of anybody who would keep him to an engagement. Sometimes, when one of his patrons would come to watch a painting in progress (some painting perhaps which had been partly paid for some time previously), Morland would deliberately throw down his palette and brushes and set off with Bob Parker, the pugilist, or his old confident Brooks, for a day's pleasure, leaving his patron to gather as much patience as he could in the situation.

Frequently, too, such excursions were necessary to avoid arrest on the warrant of one of his creditors, whose patience was altogether exhausted. From this time onwards, indeed, Morland's life was one of continually dodging, and for years he was like some hunted animal, chased this way and that by the enemies who would devour him, lurking in the holes and corners of the company doubling on his track, and flying from one retreat to another.

Poor Mrs. Morland must have had a tragic experience, and it is only natural that at times her love for her erratic husband should have been severely strained. There were painful domestic quarrels when the wife gave vent to her indignation and grief at the sight of the wanton ruin of their home and happiness by Morland's incurable self-indulgence. Now and again she left him to seek a shelter at

the house of the Wards, her brother and sister-in-law, but the extraordinary fascination of Morland's nature, and his undoubted affection for her, kept alight the flame of love in her heart, which no disloyalties or dissolute behaviour could ever quite extinguish.

It is indeed remarkable that, almost to the end, the artist had some witchery about him which put a spell upon everybody who came in touch with him. It was the charm of imperturbable good nature, and of a heart that, with all its weaknesses, was simple and sincere. It is related, for instance, how once an irate creditor accompanied the bailiffs to Morland's house in Charlotte Street with the full intention of recovering his debt by the full power of the law. As they approached the house they saw a coach drive away, and, guessing that it contained their man, they gave chase and caught the fugitive. Morland was now in the hands of his enemy, but, by making elaborate promises and by exercising all his arts of persuasion, he actually succeeded in pacifying his creditor and obtaining easy terms and a longer time for the liquidation of the debt.

His persuasive powers, however, were not always to be relied on as an infallible extinguisher of irate butchers, troublesome horse-dealers, and plaguing wine-merchants; and George Morland lived in real terror of a prison, whose doors would too readily receive him, but, when once he was safely in, never perhaps open again to release him.

Frequently, at the rumour of imminent arrest, he would pack up a few traps and set off for some country place, accompanied by his constant attendant, Brooks; sometimes by Hand, his pupil; and often by a man named Burn, who seems to have been one of those leeches who gorged themselves on the blood of a bankrupt prodigal in the name of "friendship."

During these spells in the country Morland regained some of his old health and spirits, making resolutions to turn over ever so many new leaves, and restricting himself, to some extent at least, in his potations. Among farmyard animals he found sweeter friendship than among all the herds of miscellaneous acquaintances who had drank at his cost and then forsaken him.

It was his delight, also, to go into the cottages of any village in which he happened to be staying and make friends with the

children, playing with them in his alluring old way, like the child that he himself was at the bottom of his heart. Sometimes, as one thinks of him playing at blind-man's-buff, or crawling on all fours with a crowd of youngsters swarming upon him, one is apt to regret that Mrs. Morland did not have children, and to imagine that, if so, Morland would have been a happier and better man. But, on the other hand, the tragedy of his drinking habits might have been more of a curse if he had been given a family.

Like all men of highly-strung temperament, especially when their will-power is weakened by self-indulgence, Morland sometimes fell from excess of gaiety into blank despair, and at such times he would burst into tears, bemoaning that such a wretch as he had ever been born into the world to bring wretchedness into other people's lives, and to be a curse to himself. At these times of melancholia he sometimes allowed the awful thought of suicide to obscure his brain, and once at least he walked round and round a piece of water with the idea of throwing himself in and putting an end to his trouble on this earth. Fortunately, however, "the still small voice of conscience," or if not that, the thought that life still had some charms for him, saved him from the last temptation of despair.

While he was in the country his pictures were smuggled up to town by his two companions, who sold them easily enough to connoisseurs, who were always ready for a "Morland." Then, when the hue and cry for him had slackened off when his whereabouts could not be discovered, Morland would slink back to Charlotte Street, to live solitary and miserable if his wife still remained away. He generally had no difficulty in making his escape when arrest was again imminent, for he had adopted a device which made it extremely difficult for his creditors to catch him. This was to buy over the "myrmidons of the law," as they are called in melodrama. It is, indeed, a diverting thing, apart from high ethics, to read of our friend Morland calmly sitting in his studio with the bailiffs who had been sent to arrest him, filling them with liquor, and fascinating them out of all remembrance of their duty by his *bonhomie* and drollery. These men often gave him a timely warning when a warrant was out, or let him slip through their fingers after a convivial evening.

Towards the end of his tenancy in Charlotte Street, however, his constitution had so suffered from dissipation that he lost a good deal of his old *joie de vivre*, and having become corpulent and losing his nerve, he could no longer enjoy the horse-exercise which had formerly been his greatest pleasure and the means of mitigating the effects of his excesses. Even when his wife was with him, and there were still servants in the house, he took to living in one room and cooking his own food, waited upon only by Brooks or some other personal attendant. One of his most interesting pictures represents the artist in his studio as he lived in this way. Morland sits before his easel, in an old riding coat with top boots, painting a scene of English rural life, with sketches and unfinished canvases tacked to the wall behind him, and leaning against it on the floor. By his side is a three-legged table with the fragments of a meal, and on the floor a wine flask and whisky bottle with an overturned glass. Two dogs are in the room, one of them at Morland's feet, the other watching with interest the progress of some succulent sausages which are being fried by a man of dissolute appearance, who is probably Brooks, the ex-shoemaker. Over the fireplace, on the chimneypiece, there are some charcoal sketches of animals and men's faces, and the floor near by is littered with faggots, a grid-iron, a broken plate and jugs, a stool with a loaf of bread, a bellows, a churchwarden pipe, and other "properties" of the bohemian life. It is a realistic picture, and gives the best possible idea of Morland's character and life.

Charlotte Street at last became too hot for the artist, and he was compelled to leave it permanently. It is said that Brooks had wished to betray him into the hands of his creditors, but it is difficult to believe this, as the man had been faithful so long, and as far as we know had no motive for infidelity. The probability is that when Morland gave up a permanent place of residence he had to dispense with a manservant, or found it dangerous to be accompanied in his wanderings by a man so familiar to his creditors. Whatever be the facts of his case, however, it is certain that Brooks went out of Morland's life at this time, and left the artist to find companionship with chance acquaintances who were seldom to be trusted.

Painted by J. Wetland. Engraved by W. Smith.

LADRESSING FOR THE MASQUERADE.

Lætitia flies from reflection to public entertainments

To check ev'n Beauties warm impower — But on its most alluring tower
The plan to pleasure's gilded dome. — The sadly sighs and thinks of home

London Published Jan.y 1 1789 by W. Smith, King Street Covent Garden

After leaving Charlotte Street he went to live first at Chelsea, but this was out of the frying-pan into the fire. He accidentally ran against an old acquaintance to whom he owed as much as three hundred pounds. With characteristic simplicity Morland was persuaded to give the man his address, and actually promised to give him a picture worth five guineas if he would come to see him. The obliging creditor was pleased to do so next day; went off with the picture, and promptly had him arrested.

Even now, however, he managed to escape the imprisonment which was his constant dread, for he was quickly bailed out by a friend. The fact is that while he still retained his skill there were generally people ready to pay off his old creditors by bargaining for his next work, and Morland escaped from one set of creditors with an easy conscience by pledging himself to another set.

His next hiding-place was at Lambeth, where he lodged with a waterman, who kept his secret faithfully, and rowed him across the river each night, so that under cover of darkness the artist could go to his old haunts and enjoy a convivial evening with public-house friends from whom he thought he had nothing to fear. At the end of a month, however, he again thought it prudent to change his abode, and went to East Sheen. Again, however, he fell in with a creditor, and escaped to Queen Anne Street, East, "where," we are told, "his retreat was so well chosen that he remained in perfect safety for nearly three months, although he lived in the midst of several of his creditors who were in search of him, and one of whom had offered ten pounds as a reward for the discovery of the place of his concealment. At the end of that time he went to live with an engraver named Grozier, where he was treated with much consideration, until one day his landlord came home to find that Morland had decamped without paying for his lodging.

It is difficult and not very interesting to follow Morland's movements as he went from place to place. Occasionally he stayed with his father-in-law and his brother-in-law, and he lodged for a time with a Methodist cobbler, who thought him a fine subject for conversion; with a carver and gilder, who treated him with extreme kindness; and then at Hackney, where he was rejoined by

his wife, and for a time resumed his extravagant way of bestowing lavish hospitality upon a crowd of new acquaintances. This mode of life, adopted by a stranger who evidently desired to hide his identity, and whose habits of only going out after dusk were mysterious, aroused the suspicions of his neighbours. One of them, who chanced to overhear Morland discussing "copperplates" and "engraving" with one of his friends at an inn, immediately, with a power of deductive reasoning worthy of a predecessor to Mr. Sherlock Holmes, jumped to the conclusion that Morland was a forger of bank-notes. He gave information to the bank, and a force of police startled the artist almost out of his senses by suddenly raiding his house. Morland naturally took them for bailiffs, and escaping hurriedly out of the back door, made off post-haste to London, leaving his wife to receive the strangers.

The police would not listen to Mrs. Morland's explanations, but made a systematic search of the house, turning out all the drawers and otherwise ransacking the place. But all they could find was Morland's paints, palettes, brushes, and canvases, his unfinished works and rough sketches, and his usual disorderly collection of bottles and jugs, pipes, and tobacco boxes.

Wedd, the solicitor, who had always devoted himself to Morland's interests, made the bank pay for the folly of its police officers, threatening to prosecute them for trespass, and demanding compensation for the loss of a week's work to Morland. The bankers were willing to recognise their mistake, and sent a handsome letter of apology to the artist with a cheque for twenty guineas.

After several other changes of address, Morland accepted an invitation from a friend named Lynn to stay at a house in the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Morland with a servant preceded him, and he then followed on with his man, rejoiced at the prospect of getting away from the haunting fears of arrest, and of enjoying a change of scene and life. But, as the leopard cannot change its spots, so Morland could not get away from his bohemian nature. Although living in a friend's house, he did not scruple to entertain an extraordinary crowd of acquaintances, with whom, in his characteristic way, he had quickly made friends. They were mostly fishermen, sailors, and smugglers, who found Morland a man after their own heart,

and, in return for the grog with which he liberally provided them, made him a member of the brotherhood of those who "go down to the sea in ships," and obliged him with information respecting the rig of ships in fair weather and foul for the seascapes upon which he now employed his brush.

From Cowes, Morland went to Newport, where he had an introduction to a friend of Mr. Lynn's. This man, upon the advice of Lynn, began to buy up Morland's sketches, though he knew nothing whatever about art. Indeed, he began to get alarmed at his investments in pictures which, as he confessed with Philistine ignorance, seemed no better than the coloured prints which he could buy in the Newport shops for threepence apiece. The surgeon, however, reassured him, and told him to buy as many sketches as he could, resting certain that he could afterwards sell them for much more than he had given.

Poor Morland, who had reasonably expected to have some peace and quiet at such a distance from his old haunts of folly, was not to be gratified in this way, and his sins found him out wherever his retreat might be. He received an unexpected visit from his brother, who warned him that one of his creditors, who had discovered his address, was on his way to Newport, bringing the bailiffs to arrest him and carry him back to a debtor's prison. Morland, in a panic, hurriedly left Newport, and, with his brother and the man-servant, went into hiding at Great Yarmouth.

Here a ludicrous adventure occurred, which afterwards gave Morland the opportunity of hearty laughter, but at the time frightened him seriously. They had not been at Yarmouth for more than a few days when, as they were having breakfast in the house of a famous smuggler named George Coles, a lieutenant with eight soldiers of the Dorset militia entered the room, and, grounding their arms, declared them all prisoners. Morland was thrown into such confusion and alarm that he had the very aspect of a conscience-stricken criminal.

The fact was that he had been seen making sketches of the harbour and other works, and at a time when the dread of a French invasion made the most heroic militiaman in terror of his own shadow and suspicious of every stranger. The innocent artist was

promptly taken for one of "Old Boney's" spies. In spite of violent protests, Morland was dragged off with his companions along the twelve-mile road to Newport. On a hot day, hooted all the way by crowds who came out to see the traitors, and who, if they were at all characteristic of their time, must have been forcibly kept back from the throats of men who, as they readily believed, had conspired to deliver this "tight little island" into the clutches of the Corsican ogre. Formally examined before a magistrate at Newport, the proof of their innocent purpose was obtained from Mr. Lynn's friend, to whom Morland had carried an introduction, and to whom he had sold many of his sketches. But although acquitted of all crime, Morland and his friends were solemnly warned by this learned justice of the peace "not to do it again," and to make no more sketches of the coast. It is always well to exercise one's authority!

It was in November, 1799, that George Morland returned to London, unable to remain longer in exile. He took lodgings in Vauxhall, but, like a criminal who after hiding from justice welcomes arrest which puts an end to his nervous strain, the artist surrendered to his creditors, and went to the King's Bench Prison. The game was up, and having successfully baffled his enemies for years, he acknowledged defeat at last. It was also an acknowledgment of his physical and mental deterioration. He was growing tired.

As, however, he had not yet lost his skill and could still earn a considerable income, he was allowed the privilege of "the rules," and permitted to live on licence in a furnished lodging in Lambeth Road, St. George's Fields, where he was joined by Mrs. Morland, her maidservant, and his brother, who had now set up as a picture-dealer, and acted as George's agent. His industry was perhaps more remarkable at this period of his life than at any other time.

"By his brother's books," says Dawe, "it appears that for him alone he painted four hundred and ninety-two during the last eight years of his life, notwithstanding frequent indisposition; and when it is considered that besides these he executed perhaps three hundred more for other persons, the slightness of the greater part of them will be easily accounted for. In addition to these, he

Painted by G. Morland. *Engraved by J. R. Smith*

5. THE TAVERN DOOR,

Lætitia deserted by her Seducer is thrown on the Town.

Deserted by the man whose lures, | *The now her bitter bread procures*
Led her from innocence astray. | *The prostitute of every day*

London Published Jan.ʸ 1.1789 by J.R.Smith, King Street, Covent Garden.

probably made upwards of a thousand drawings within that period, as it was customary to produce one almost every evening."

While he lived within the rules of the King's Bench, however, Morland abandoned himself more and more to debauchery, so that his hand began to lose its cunning, and his physique deteriorated rapidly into a bloated and unhealthy condition. Although he kept strictly enough to the rules, never breaking bounds without permission, and returning home within the limit of time laid down by the law, his imprisonment in other ways was nothing but a legal form for keeping his creditors at bay. His house was the resort of other debtors, who came to join in his drunken revelry and enjoy his hilarious company. A queer lot they must have been—broken-down literary men, faded men of fashion, bankrupt peers, unfrocked clergymen, gamblers ruined at the tables, wits whose jests had long lost their flavour, half-pay officers and fire-eating duellists, sporting men who had been broken by backing the wrong horse, ex-pugilists, prodigal sons, pimps and crimps, and every variety of human wreckage. With these men, many of whom, no doubt, were "jolly good fellows," and as jovial company as could be found in the town Morland was a brother and comrade in misfortune. He seems to have had the genius of seeing the vital spark that smoulders in the most weary hearts, and of bringing out the good humour and geniality of the sourest souls. He had the magic touchstone of sympathy and friendship, and, drunken as he was, the charm of the man's own personality was fascinating to the last. What poor Mrs. Morland felt, when she had to preside over the strange and noisy crew who were her husband's guests, we are not told. Indeed, Morland's wife is but a shadowy figure. His pictures have perpetuated her comeliness and grace, and we know that, though her love was often strained, her fidelity was unshaken; but the tragedy of the woman's soul, the sadness that must have invaded her heart at the sight of the pitiful wreck of the man who had been of such brilliant promise, are secret things that have not been recorded.

And so we come to the last chapter of Morland's life—a sad tale of drunken despair and apoplectic tendency. The man must have realised, with a pitiful sense of fear, his own failing powers as an artist at a time when he should have been in the prime of his

life and the fair flower of his achievements. Sometimes it was necessary for him to paint out days of work done when his hand was shaky after a bout of debauchery, and, as his critical faculty was not diminished, he was often disgusted with the result of his labour. While living within the rules he had his first apoplectic fit, which weakened him considerably and filled him with the greatest alarm, though he was unable to resist the temptation which he well knew was the cause of the attack.

In 1802 he was liberated from the King's Bench by the Insolvent Act, but did not leave his house in the Lambeth Road until a second fit of apoplexy again threatened him with an early death. After this, however, he changed his habitation, and went for a time to lodge at the Black Bull, at Highgate, kept by an old friend of his. Having quarrelled with this man, however, before long, he retreated to the restaurant now kept by his brother in Dean Street.

At this time he was separated from his wife, who had been persuaded by her friends to live at Paddington for the benefit of her health. This was not due to any strife with her husband, who conscientiously and regularly provided her with money, although he took no trouble to pay off any of the innumerable debts still outstanding against him. To all accounts, indeed, Mrs. Morland's old affection for him was stronger now than ever, and his frequent illnesses gave her the deepest anxiety. It was probable that Morland himself was unable to stay at Paddington, where he would have been surrounded by creditors ready to pounce upon him for old obligations.

Morland now lived a miserable, disconsolate life, working sometimes in a room at Roll's Buildings at the house of a Marshalsea-court officer named Donalty, sometimes at the Garrick's Head in Bond-street, and sometimes at the house of a Mr. Harris in Gerrard-street. Even his spirit of independence departed from him, and he became the paid servant of his brother, working for a salary of two guineas a day. His drinking habits now affected his brain, so that his nerves were shattered, and his spirits were overclouded by melancholia and delusions. He began to be afraid of being alone in a room, and like a timid child could never sleep unless the room were lit by candles. Strange fears oppressed him,

and at times he would be quite delirious, talking incoherently and raving of dread visions. A sudden knock at the door, the overturning of a chair, or any other noise, would cause him to tremble violently, and even to fall off his chair. At night he would sometimes wander out in an aimless way, afraid of the dark, yet unable to stay in the house, and once he was found in the street lying on the snow, half-frozen and unconscious. After repeated strokes the unhappy man lost the use of his left hand, so that he could no longer hold his palettes, and now fell into such an utter state of dejection that he shunned all company, or if with other people was moody and silent, drowsing off into a stupid sleep.

At last he was arrested for a debt not exceeding ten pounds to a certain publican, and carried off to a "sponging" house in Eyre Street Hill, Coldbath Fields. He endeavoured to procure some money by painting, but while sketching out a landscape he fell off his chair in a fit. The end was near. For eight days he suffered from brain fever, delirious all the time, and never once recovering consciousness. Death came to him on the 29th of October, 1804, when he was only 42 years of age.

His friends endeavoured to keep the news from Mrs. Morland, as she had always had a presentiment that she and her husband would die at the same time. But something told her that George was dead, and the friends who endeavoured to calm her in her hysterical state by contradicting her—a foolish and unwarrantable thing, as it seems to us now—could not persuade her to believe them. When they did confess to the truth, the unhappy woman gave a shriek, and falling into convulsions, which continued for three days, she died on the second of November. She was only thirty-seven years old, and there were only four days between the death of husband and wife, who were buried together in the graveyard of St. James's Chapel.

Literary moralising has now gone out of fashion, but one can hardly end an account of George Morland's life without reflecting upon the terrible way in which the man of genius, in whose character one may find many delightful and endearing qualities, wilfully wrecked his life and his wife's happiness by a reckless folly and a wanton debauchery. But "the evil that men do lives after them,

the good is oft interred with their bones." So has it been with Morland, and the grossness of his habits has been remembered, whereas the kindness of his heart has been forgotten. In bringing this brief account to a close, let us rather think of the way in which he loved animals and little children, of his broad-hearted generosity to all poor devils in misfortune, of his infinite capacity for friendship and good fellowship, of his extraordinary industry, and of his irresistible charm of manner. His work is a splendid possession in the national heritage of Art, and his pictures of English rural and domestic life in the eighteenth century have immortalised his memory.

A NOTE UPON MORLAND ENGRAVINGS.

BY MARTIN HARDIE. From *The Connoisseur*, August, 1904.

A GREAT painter though Morland was, he owes his real popularity to the engravings which have so admirably interpreted his work. If you hear anyone speak with admiration of Morland as a painter, and ask point-blank how many of the artist's pictures the speaker knows, you will find almost invariably that his appreciation depends on his knowledge of the engravings by Ward, Smith, and others, with just a vague remembrance of the National Gallery *Farmer's Stable* to supply a background of real colour. As Sir Joshua Reynolds remarked of McArdell and his fellows, so Morland might well have said of William Ward and John Raphael Smith, "By these I shall be immortalised."

Even during his lifetime it was by the prints after his pictures that Morland attained to fame. It is hard to say whether he was pestered most by dealers or by bailiffs. Much of his work was executed on the "while you wait" system, and he was constantly beset by dealers, who would hurry off, taking a canvas still wet, to be instantly translated into stipple or mezzotint. The five years, 1788 to 1792, alone saw the appearance of over a hundred engravings after his work, and during his lifetime over two hundred and fifty separate prints were issued. It forms a record that probably Turner alone has surpassed. The grand total now would be difficult to reckon, for the present writer has a list of over eighty engravers who have interpreted Morland's pictures in mezzotint, stipple, etching, and aquatint; and some of them are responsible for a dozen or two dozen subjects apiece.

It is interesting to note among these engravers the name of William Blake, who in 1803 engraved *The Industrious Cottager* and *The Idle Laundress*. It is interesting also to remember that when the commission was given to Blake by Linnell for the illustrations of the Book of Job, the poverty-stricken poet and mystic was on the point of spending his last years in engraving a set of Morland's "Pig and Poultry Subjects."

Painted by G. Morland *Engraved by J. R. S.*

6. The Fair Penitent.

Lætitia in penitence finds relief and protection from her Parents.

"Oh Whither will the Wand'rer roam | Repentance leads the mourner home.
Upraised, pleasant and cold with Care | Behind my injured and Father there."

London Published Jan.ʸ 1 1789 by J. R. Smith Ving Street Covent Garden

The delicate refinement of Blake's nature was at the opposite pole to the outspoken coarseness of Morland. Imagine Morland, writing as Blake did, almost at the time when he was working at the pair of engravings mentioned above—"Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates; her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard." If only Morland could have seen the country with Blake's eyes, and could have put some of Blake's soul into his work, the world might never have known a greater painter.

"The subjects of his pictures," wrote Dawe in 1806, "being adapted to common comprehensions, the prints engraved from them had an unparalleled sale not only in this country but abroad, particularly in France and Germany. Of those of *Dancing Dogs* and *Selling Guinea Pigs* five hundred pairs were sold in a few weeks. One foreign dealer often took as many as would have supplied all England. When the four plates of *The Deserter* were published, a single dealer gave an order for nine dozen sets." It is a striking fact, this immediate acceptance of Morland on the Continent, for the same was the case in later days with Constable, another example of splendid isolation. Even French engravers tried their hands at his pictures of "le sport," for in 1790 and 1791 *La Chasse à la Bécassine*, *La Chasse de la Bécasse* *La Chasse du Canard*, and *La Chasse du Lièvre* were all engraved by A. Suntach.

It is noteworthy too that this great boom in mezzotint engravings should have marked the turn of the nineteenth as well as of the twentieth century. Concerning the foreign demand, C. Josi, the famous Dutch collector and dealer, writes in 1821: "The craze for English engravings during the last fifty years is extraordinary. Everyone has developed a taste for them. I am, of course, aware that they have reached an exaggerated value as mere objects of mercantile speculation, but this is only natural. They are snapped up as soon as they are seen, bring a certain and considerable profit, and few objects have ever met with so rapid and widely-extended a demand."

Josi himself had passed five years in London as the pupil of J. R. Smith. He had no mean powers as an engraver, and in 1797 published *The Peasant's Repast* and *The Labourer's Luncheon*, two excellent plates after Morland. When, however, he returned to Holland, he found that no single plate, be it never so skilfully engraved, could find a purchaser unless it bore an English title and imprint—"Rien n' était comparable aux estampes anglaises! Tel mérite que pouvaient avoir d' autres, il suffisait, pour leur disgrace, qu' elles ne portassent pas des titres et des inscriptions en anglais, avec le nom du marchand éditeur à Londres." He tells us moreover that in consequence of this demand, quantities of colour prints after Morland and others were deliberately forged in Holland and in France. It is curious how history has repeated itself. A century later the craze for colour prints has returned, again bringing forgeries in its train. As a famous collector said: "It was like manna in the wilderness, a fall of snow in the night: within a few months from the time the demand was established every shop-window had its Morlands, its J. R. Smiths, its William Wards, brilliant in colour." Let the collector then beware of Morland

forgeries, and steer clear also of faded impressions from worn-out plates, furbished up with dabs of colour by indifferent craftsmen.

The success of the Morland engravings was doubtless due to the fact that their publishers took the tide of popular taste at the flood. It was also owing to the nature of the subjects, coming to the jaded Londoner sweet and fresh as the scent of new-mown hay. A reaction had set in that is bound to repeat itself in the immediate future. People were growing tired of endless engraved portraits. They were surfeited with a succession, sweet but insipid, of fair ladies after Lely and Hoppner and Reynolds. Ward and Smith were the first to recognise the possibilities of Morland's work, and to encourage him in painting subject pictures at a time when portraits were putting money in his purse. Ward became Morland's brother-in-law in 1786, and it was he who brought the artist to the notice of John Raphael Smith, under whom he had served his apprenticeship. It was a fortunate day for all of them. Smith's long experience as publisher and engraver enabled him to gauge the full value of Morland's work. He at once gave him commissions for pictures which he engraved himself, and was so immediately successful in the sale of his own and other prints that he celebrated his good fortune at "a very elegant entertainment" at Hammersmith, where Morland met William Collins, one of his future biographers. Thirty-six pictures in all were bought by Smith, at prices ranging from five to fifty pounds, and were exhibited as the "Morland Gallery." The cost of the engravings varied from five to thirty shillings an impression, and for the owner of a coloured copy there is always the pleasant possibility that he possesses the early work of Turner, who, in his teens, was employed by Smith to give the finishing touches by hand to his colour-prints.

The first great year for engravings after Morland was 1788. Though *The Angler's Repast* had been engraved by Ward in 1780, it did not achieve fame till it was re-issued in 1789. *Children Nutting*, engraved by E. Dayes in 1783, and *Domestic Happiness* and *The Coquette at her Toilet*, by W. Ward in 1787, are both well-known prints. The year 1788, however, saw no fewer than eleven engravers busy on Morland's work, and thirty-two plates were published, among them *Delia in Town* and *Delia in the Country*, by J. R. Smith, *Children Playing at Soldiers*, by G. Keating, and *Variety and Constancy*, by W. Ward. *Variety* is said to be a portrait of Mrs. Morland, *Constancy* of Mrs. Ward. These two plates, which are in stipple, were issued before letters, and also in colours with the full imprint. They were re-engraved with the signature "Bartolotti," and in this state are to be avoided. To 1789 belongs the famous *Letitia* series, by J. R. Smith, which became so popular that the six plates were re-issued in 1811 at seven-and-sixpence each. The plates, however, were worn, and in repairing them the costumes were brought up to date, and other disastrous alterations were made. To 1789 and 1790 belong *Selling Guinea Pigs* and *Dancing Dogs*, by T. Gaugain. A certain number of the impressions in colour bear the somewhat rare acknowledgement "Printed in colour by T. Gaugain." At Gaugain's sale in 1793 the plates of these two engravings, together with over two-hundred-and-fifty proofs and prints, thirty-two being in

A WOODLAND SCENE. BY GEORGE MORLAND.
(From the Original Painting.)

colour, realised £1271 From 1790 to 1806 there was a steady output of some twenty prints a year; among the more important engravers, besides those already mentioned, being F. D. Soiron with *St. James's Park*, *A Tea Garden*, etc., S. W. Reynolds with *Fishermen Going Out*, *Paying the Horse Seller*, etc., E. Bell and W. Nutter. It is after all to Ward and Smith that Morland owes most. Their mezzotints and stipple engravings are full of sympathy and sweetness. For the lover of coloured prints nothing can surpass a fine proof of Smith's *Fishermen* or *Selling Fish*, Ward's *Last Litter* or *The Effects of Youthful Extravagance*, but the proofs must have all their first sparkle and life and brilliancy. Beside a genuine original, a copy that has been touched up in the secret atelier of the modern dealer, its every pore clogged with added colour, looks like a painted lady of the town beside a fresh country maid. Like the young lady in the well-known poem, when a colour print is good, it is very, very good, but when it is bad, it is horrid.

Poor Morland lived before the days of copyright, and it is to be feared that he profited little or nothing by the extensive sale of these engravings. His pictures were sold off the reel for ten, twenty, or thirty pounds down. Their painter took no further interest in them, and the dealer who became their fortunate possessor reaped a handsome profit. Appended to Hassell's *Memoirs of the Life of George Morland*, published in 1806, is a catalogue of some two hundred engravings, which "are to be had on applying to James Cundee, Ivy Lane, Paternoster Row." The prices range from half-a-crown to a guinea, though the latter price is rare, fifteen shillings being a fair average; "proofs and coloured prints are always charged double." It makes one's mouth water to think of coloured proofs of the whole *Letitia* series for £4 10s., of *Delia in Town* and *Delia in the Country* for thirty shillings, of Ward's *Alehouse Door* for fifteen! Even at this low price the publisher got a noble return for his original investment, for, as we have seen, he could reckon on selling at least five hundred copies with ease.

While the publisher made large profits, it remains one of the ironies of fate that Morland rarely received above £20 for one of his pictures, a price that now-a-days any good mezzotint after his work would be certain to obtain. Within the last three years the *St. James's Park* and *A Tea Garden*, by Soiron, have fetched £183 15s. for the pair; *The Visit to the Boarding School* and *The Child at Nurse*, by W. Ward, £136 10s.; *Children Fishing* and *Children Gathering Blackberries*, by G. Dawe, £105; *A Party Angling*, by G. Keating, £79 16s.; *Contemplation*, a very rare print by W. Ward, £252; and the same engraver's *Coquette at her Toilet*, £126. It is unnecessary to multiply examples. To some extent the low price he received was Morland's own fault. His contemporary, Blagdon, tells us that "as many excellent imitations of his drawings were also engraved at this time by Mr. Orme, they promoted a demand for his works to such a degree that pencil sketches, made in about an hour, were sold at auctions for nine and ten guineas each, but it must be acknowledged that the artist himself did not gain the whole advantage, as he still refused to sell his works to those who would give him a fair price, but only to such as would associate and get drunk with him and his low companions." It is

said, too, that when drawing-books containing reproductions of his pencil sketches were selling rapidly he was urged to etch and publish them himself. He even went so far as to buy the copperplates, but his good resolutions were without further result, except that they alarmed the publisher to the extent of giving a slightly more liberal price.

The drawing-books mentioned above are well worth the collector's attention. They contain odd scraps and studies from Morland's sketchbooks, beautifully reproduced in soft-ground etching and stipple, and showing the artist's painstaking and unceasing study of nature. *Sketches by Morland*, published originally in 1793-4, and re-issued by Orme in 1799, is one of the best. The charming title from the wrapper, showing the artist sketching pigs, forms one of our illustrations. Another series of soft-ground etchings, by Vivares, was published by J. P. Thompson in 1800; and in 1805 a set of stipple engravings was issued by R. Bowyer. In 1806-7 Edward Orme again published *A Collection of thirty-three Sketches from Nature*. These are the principal drawing-books, but mention must also be made of the plates to Blagdon's *Authentic Memoirs of the late George Morland*, published in 1806. These are twenty-one in number, executed in stipple, mezzotint, and aquatint, by R. Dodd, E. Bell, Vivares, and other well-known engravers. With the plates in colour, this book is a rare and valuable possession, and a copy in December last was sold at Sotheby's for £54.

In the Print Room at the British Museum can be seen a fine collection of engravings after Morland, including many prints in proof states. The proofs by James Ward are noteworthy as having been presented, in 1817, by the engraver himself. On the *View in Leicestershire*, one of our illustrations, he has written: "I believe there is not one impression equal to this." There is also a fine-touched proof, which we reproduce, of an engraving of a fisherman's hut, by W. T. Annis, not mentioned in Richardson's list of works after Morland. Of colour-prints after the artist there are only a few at the British Museum, and those very indifferent. At South Kensington are a few excellent examples of work in colour by Ward, Smith, and S. W. Reynolds, and also a good collection of the drawing-books.

"LOUISA," OR THE SHIPWRECK. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by T. Gaugain.
(In the possession of T. J. Barratt, Esq.)

W.^m Collins Jun.^r Pinx.^t

Published Feb.^y 14. 1806, by W.^m Collins 118 Gre.^t Portland Str.^t

W. Ward Sculp.^t

G. MORLAND.

Pure Natures darling Son, of Arts the pride,
Thy Works the test of ages, shall abide.

MORNING, OR THOUGHTS ON AMUSEMENT FOR THE EVENING. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by William Ward.

A COAST SCENE. AFTER G. MORLAND.
From the Mezzotint by W. T. Annis.

WRECKERS. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.)

MORLAND'S SERVANT, SIMPSON. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of Canon Phillips.)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

THE BENEVOLENT LADY
JAN^{Y} 1738

TRAVELLERS. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by W. Ward.

MORNING, OR THE HIGLERS PREPARING FOR MARKET. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
D. Orme, Sculp.

PAINTED BY G. MORLAND. ENGRAVED BY W. WARD.

SUSPENCE.

This tormenting suspence my fond hopes o'ercast,
Lest the Youth of my choice prove unkind:

Be patient, sweet Mistress, the appointment's not passed,
And I'm certain he'll not be behind.

LONDON, PUBLISHED MAY 1ST, 1788, BY W. DICKINSON, BOND STREET.

GIRL AND CALVES. AFTER G. MORLAND.
Engraved by W. Ward.

THE BELL. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, direxit.

THE ALEHOUSE DOOR. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of George Salting, Esq.)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. SELEY & CO.

TRAVELLERS REPOSING. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, Sculpt.

GIRL AND PIGS. AFTER G. MORLAND.
Engraved by W. Ward.

EVENING, OR THE POSTBOY'S RETURN. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
D. Orme. Sculpt.

...nted by ...rland

...DON, Published ... 1789, by J.R. SMITH, 36 King Street Covent Garden

THE BLIND WHITE HORSE. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)

THE TURNPIKE. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, dirext.

THE FIRST PLEDGE OF LOVE

JANY 1788

GIRL ON A SEASHORE ON A WINDY DAY. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)

THE FERRY BOAT. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of Canon Phillips.)

FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

THE FISHERMAN'S HUT. AFTER G. MORLAND.
From the Mezzotint by J. R. Smith

LONDON Publdfid November 15 1, 8, by [illegible] DEAN Fleet [illegible] St [illegible]

MORNING, OR THE BENEVOLENT SPORTSMAN.
PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by J. Groser.

PEDLARS. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, Sculpt.

THE MARKET CART. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the original Painting.)

SEA COAST, MEN AND BOATS. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.)

FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

G. Morland Pinx.t London Pub.d Feb.y 15 1793 by B. Tabart N.o 13 Great Newport Stre.t J. Storer Sculp.t

GUINEA PIGS. PAINTED BY GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by T. Gaugain.

THE LIGHTHOUSE. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the original Painting.)

FISHING BOAT.
From the original Painting by G. Morland.

DELIA in TOWN.

With courteous Form and sparkling Eyes
To Town the rural Delia flies
List gentle Nymph to what I say
Let Prudence guard thee on thy way

Alas too many a simple Maid
Hath been by cruel Arts betray'd
Then quickly seek thy native Grove
The Seat of Innocence and Love.

London Published February 12th 1788 by I.R. Smith N°31 King St.t Covent Garden.

THE DESERTER'S FAREWELL. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.)

ST. JAMES'S PARK. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by F. D. Soiron.

NO. XI. THE RABBIT WARREN. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by S. Alken.

DELIA in the COUNTRY

At length from Town the peerless Maid
Disgusted seeks the rural Shade
Retird from Sols Meridian Beam
Where Zephyrs fans the cooling stream

She yields beneath the sheltring Bower
To Contemplations Eye the Hours
Stead with simplicity to love
A Blessing, Cities cannot give

London Publisid February 10th 1788 by J R Smith N° 31 King St Covent Garden

VIRTUE IN DANGER. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, Sculpt.

BOAT ON SEASHORE. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the original Painting.)

BOYS ROBBING AN ORCHARD. BY G. MORLAND.
Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SELLEY & CO

The FARMER'S STABLE

From an Original Picture in the Collection of the Revd Henry Peate Dudley to whom it is Inscribed by his much obliged humble Servt Thos Machlin

London Published June 1st 1793 by Thos Machlin 18 New Street

THE FARMER'S VISIT TO HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER IN TOWN.
AFTER G. MORLAND.
From the Stipple Engraving by W. Bond.

INNOCENCE ALARMED, OR THE FLASH IN THE PAN. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

DANCING DOGS. PETER G. MORLAND.
From the Stipple Engraving by T. Gaugain.

Painted by George Morland

CONSTANTIA.

INDOLENCE. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.)

INDUSTRY. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.)

THE RAFT AFTER THE WRECK. BY G. MORLAND.
Collection of Canon Phillips.
THE PHOTOGRAPH BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

MUTUAL JOY, OR THE SHIP IN HARBOUR.

AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.

Engraved by P. Dawe.

WOODCOCK AND PHEASANT SHOOTING. AFTER G. MORLAND.
Engraved by T. Simpson.

COTTAGERS. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by W. Ward.

GATHERING STICKS. BY G. MORLAND.
(*Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.*)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

THE BILLETED SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by Graham.

BOYS SKATING. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by E. Scott.

DUCK SHOOTING. AFTER G. MORLAND.
Engraved by T. Simpson.

A VIEW IN LEICESTERSHIRE. AFTER G. MORLAND.
From the Mezzotint by J. Ward.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
Engraved by Graham

SLIDING. G. MORLAND, PINXT.
J. Fittler, Sculpt.

A CARRIER'S STABLE. AFTER G. MORLAND.
From the Mezzotint by W. Ward.

A PARTY ANGLING. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
From a Mezzotint by G. Keating.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS. BY G. MORLAND. FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.
(Collection of Sir Charles Tennant.)

GIPSIES. BY G. MORLAND. FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.
(Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.)

A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT. BY G. MORLAND.
(From the Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey.)

ANGLERS' REPAST. AFTER GEORGE MORLAND.
From a Mezzotint by William Ward.

NO. XI. SPORTSMEN REFRESHING. PAINTED BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by S. Alken.

TITLE PAGE OF A DRAWING BOOK. BY G. MORLAND.

THE DISCONSOLATE AND HER PARROT. BY G. MORLAND.
(A Portrait of Mrs. Morland.)
(From the Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)

TITLE FROM THE WRAPPER OF A DRAWING BOOK. BY G. MORLAND.

SKETCH OF A FISHERMAN AND WIFE. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of John Haines, Esq.)

SKETCH OF A MAN'S HEAD. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of John Haines, Esq.)

PORTRAIT OF G. MORLAND.
From a Water-Colour Drawing by T. Rowlandson.

SKETCH OF A RAM'S HEAD. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton.)
FROM "THE PORTFOLIO," BY PERMISSION OF SEELEY & CO.

SKETCH OF A PIG'S HEAD. BY G. MORLAND.
(Collection of John Haines, Esq.)

RUSTIC EMPLOYMENT. BY G. MORLAND.
Engraved by J. R. Smith.

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Chronologically arranged. Size in inches.

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ABBREVIATIONS.

M.—*Mezzotint.* A.—*Aquatint.*
S.—*Stipple.* L.—*Line.*
E.—*Etching.*

Where the dimensions are given they represent the engraved portion of the plate. The height in each case appears first.

A

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
Accommodation	T. Cook ...	10¾ by	14⅛
(companion to above) ...	,, ...	,,	
Affluence Reduced	H. Hudson ...	12½ ,,	14⅞
African Hospitality... ...	J. R. Smith ...	18 ,,	25¾
,, ...	Mdlle. Rollet	13¼ ,,	17½
The Agreeable Surprise ...	W. Ward ...	13 ,,	10
Alehouse Door	R. S. Syer ...	15 ,,	11¾
Alehouse Kitchen	,, ...	,,	
Alehouse Politicians ...	W. Ward ...	18 ,,	23¾
The Amorous Ploughman...	J. Jenner ...	9¾ ,,	11¼
The Angler's Repast ...	W. Ward ...	17⅛ ,,	21¾
The Angry Boy and Tired Dog	G. Graham	8⅝ ,,	6½
Anxiety: or the Ship at Sea	P. Dawe ...	12⅛ ,,	10¾
Appointment, Mezzo ...			
,, Stipple ...			
Ass and Pigs	F. Vivares ...	12½ ,,	17
An Ass Race...	W. Ward ...	13¼ ,,	17
The Attentive Shepherd ...	R. Brooke ...	17¼ ,,	23½
(companion to above) ...	,, ...	,,	
Autumn	W. Ward ...	6¾ ,,	5½

B

The Banks of the Dee ...	P. Dawe ...	11⅛ by	9½
The Barn Door	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Bathing Horses	,, ...	17¾ ,,	23½
A Bear Hunt	S.W.Reynolds	12 ,,	15⅞
Belinda	Burrows ...	11 ,,	11
The Bell	J. Fittler ...	7⅛ ,,	8¾
The Benevolent Lady ...	E. J. Dumée	8⅛ ,,	8⅛
The Billeted Soldier ...	G. Graham ...	12 ,,	9½
Blind Man's Buff	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Boatmen	J. Whessell		
Boy Employed in Burning Weeds	J. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Boys and the Angry Farmer	E. Scott ...	11¾ ,,	15¼
Boys Bathing	,, ...	11¼ ,,	14⅜
Boys Robbing Orchard ...	,, ...	11¾ ,,	15¼
Boys Skating	E. Scott ...	11¼ by	14⅜
(There are foreign copies of the above four plates, bearing the name of Bartolotti; about the same size as the originals.)			
Boy and Pigs	W. T.Annis	17¾ ,,	13⅓
,, ,, ...	J. Wright ...	19 ,,	14½
Breaking the Ice	J. R. Smith, jun.	17½ ,,	21¾
The Brown Jug; or, Wagoner's Farewell ...	W. Barnard	12½ ,,	16½
Business	T. Williamson	7¼ ,,	9¼

C

The Carrier's Stable ...	W. Ward ...	17¾ by	23¾
Changing Quarters ...	J. Hogg		
,, ...	A. Ragona ...	11⅜ ,,	9⅜
The Child of Nature: Mrs. Jordan	Oval	7¾ ,,	6½
Child looking into a Pigsty	J. R. Smith ..	19⅛ ,,	23⅝
Children's Amusement ...	W. Dickinson	20 ,,	16
Children Birdnesting ...	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	21¾
Children Feeding Goats ...	P.W.Tomkins	10¾ ,,	13⅜
Children Fishing	P. Dawe ...	20 ,,	16
Children Gathering Blackberries	,,	,,	
Children Nutting	E. Dayes ...	17½ ,,	22
Children Playing at Soldiers	G. Keating ...	17¼ ,,	22¾
Children in Woods... ...	F. Vivares ...	10⅞ ,,	8⅝
Children with Sheep ...			
Christmas Gambols... ...	J. R. Smith...	17½ ,,	22
Coast Scene, A.	W. T. Annis		
The Comforts of Industry...	H. Hudson ..	12⅛ ,,	14⅞
Compassion	J. Jenner		
Constancy	W. Ward ...	11½ ,,	7½
,, ...	Bartolotti ...	11¼ ,,	7½
Constantia	Unknown		
Contemplation	Colinet ...	14¼ ,,	11
Contented Waterman ...	W. Ward ...	13¾ ,,	18
,, ...	R. Clamp ...	5½ ,,	6¾
A Conversation	J. R. Smith ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
Conversation	E. Orme ...	12⅞ ,,	17¼
The Coquette at Her Toilet	W. Ward ...	13⅝ ,,	11⅜

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
The Corn Bin	J. R. Smith ...	17½ by	21¾
Cottage Family	,, ...	19½ ,,	16
The Cottage Fireside ...	W. Barnard		
The Cottage Sty	E. Bell ...	13¾ ,,	17⅞
Cottagers	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	21¾
Cottagers in Winter ..	T. Williamson	17¾ ,,	22½
The Cottager's Wealth ...	G. Keating ...	15¼ ,,	19¾
The Country Butcher ...	W. Barnard...	18⅛ ,,	25¼
,, ...	T. Gosse ...	17½ ,,	22
A Country Church	H. Schutz		
The Country Girl at Home	M. C. Prestel	12¾ ,,	9¾
The Country Girl in London	,,	,,	
The Country Stable ...	W. Ward	18 ,,	24
Coursing the Hare	G. Morland...	21½ ,,	16½
,, ...	Set of Four ...	19¾ ,,	14¼
,, ...	T. Simpson	12¾ ,,	14½
Cows	E. Bell ...	14 ,,	18
Credulous Innocence ...	J. Young ...	17¾ ,,	13¾

D

Dancing Dogs	T. Gaugain ...	20¼ by	16
Delia in Town	J. R. Smith ...	9½ ,,	8⅜
Delia in the Country ...	,, ...	9½ ,,	8½
The Delightful Story ...	W. Ward ...	12 ,,	13¾
Delicate Embarassment; or, the Rival Friends ...	E. Bell ...	18 ,,	23½
Deserter, Series of Four Plates	G. Keating ...	21 ,,	17¾
,, ,, ...	A. Suntach ...	8 ,,	6¾
The Disabled Soldier ...	R. H. Heath		
Disappointment, Mezzo ...			
,, Stipple ...			
Discipline	T. Prattent ...	8 ,,	7¼
The Disconsolate and her Parrot	T. Nugent ...	11⅜ ,,	9¼
,, ,, ...	W. Ward ...	12⅞ ,,	9¾
The Discovery	E. J. Dumée	10 ,,	8
Dog and Cat	J. R. Smith ...	12⅛ ,,	14⅞
Dogs	G. Shepherd	13⅛ ,,	17⅝
Domestic Happiness ...	W. Ward ...	13¾ ,,	11½
Donkeys	,, ...	7½ ,,	10
The Dram	,, ...	19¾ ,,	15¾
Duck Shooting	T. Rowlandson	16¾ ,,	21½
,, Plate 1 ...	T. Simpson ...	12 ,,	14½
,, ,, 2 ...	,, ...	12 ,,	14½

E

The Effects of Extravagance and Idleness, Small Plate	W. Ward ...	20¼ by	16¾
,, Large ,,	,, ...	23½ ,,	18¾
The Elopement	Reading		

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
The Elopement of Anna from the Parsonage House		12 by	10
(Painted and Engraved by J. R. Smith.)			
Evening: or the Postboy's Return	D. Orme ...	17⅛ ,,	23
Evening: or the Sportsman's Return	J. Grozer ...	18¼ ,,	23¾
,, ,, ...	W. Nicholls...	4¼ ,,	6
Evening: Sportsmen Refreshing	S. Alken		

F

The Fair Seducer	E. J. Dumée	10 by	8
The Farmer's Door ...	B. Dutterrau	15½ ,,	13⅝
,, ...	J. P. Levilly	15¼ ,,	13
The Farmer's Stable ...	W. Ward ...	17¾ ,,	23¾
,, ...	,, ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
The Farmer's Visit to his Married Daughter in Town	W. Bond ...	12½ ,,	12½
The Farmyard	W. Ward ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
,, ...	J. Scott ...	5⅞ ,,	7⅛
Feeding the Pigs	J. R. Smith ...	17½ ,,	22
The Female Pedlar... ...	R. H. Heath		
The Fern Gatherers ...	J. R. Smith, jun.		
Fern Burners	J. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Fighting Dogs	J. R. Smith ...	12 ,,	14⅝
First Love	T. Williamson	19⅛ ,,	16
The First Pledge of Love ...	W. Ward ...	9¾ ,,	9¾
The First of September—Morning	,, ...	18 ,,	24
,, ,, Evening	,, ...	17⅞ ,,	23½
The Fisherman's Dog ...	S. W. Reynolds	11¾ ,,	14¾
The Fisherman's Hut ...	J. R. Smith ...	17½ ,,	22
Fishermen	J. Young ...	13¾ ,,	17¾
,, ...	J. Ward ...	17½ ,,	21¾
Fishermen Going Out ...	S. W. Reynolds	17⅝ ,,	22
,, ...	W. Ward ...	17 ,,	22
Fishermen in Distress ...	R. Brooke ...	14¼ ,,	17¾
Fishermen on Shore ...	W. Hilton ...	17¼ ,,	21⅞
Fishermen Preparing to Go Out...	Jukes... ...	6 ,,	12
The Fishermen Returning	,, ...	6 ,,	12
The Fleecy Charge... ...	G. Shepherd...	14 ,,	18
The Flowing Bowl; or, Sailors Return'd	W. Barnard...	,,	16½
Fox Hunting—Going Out...	E. Bell		
,, —Going into Cover ...	,,		
,, —The Check...	,,		
,, —The Death...	,,		
Friendship	Adam ...	7 ,,	8¼
The Frightened Horse ...	E. Bell ...	16 ,,	12
Frost Piece		6¾ ,,	8¾
The Fruits of Early Industry and Œconomy.			
Small Plate	W. Ward ...	20⅜ ,,	15¾
Large Plate	,, ...	23½ ,,	18¾

G

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
Gathering Fruit	R. M. Meadows	15¼ by	12
Gathering Wood	,,	15¼ ,,	12
Gentle Shepherd		9⅝ ,,	11¼
Giles, the Farmer's Boy ...	W. Ward ...	17¾ ,,	23⅝
Gipsies	,, ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
,,			
Gipsies Camp			
The Gipsies' Encampment	J. Fittler ...	12⅜ ,,	16⅜
The Gipsies' Tent	J. Grozer ...	17¾ ,,	23
Gipsy Courtship	J. Jenner ...	9⅞ ,,	11½
Girl and Boy looking into Shed	J. R. Smith ...	18 ,,	23
Girl and Calves	W. Ward ...	13¾ ,,	17¾
Girl and Pigs	,, ...	13¾ ,,	17¾
Girl with Dove	P. Dawe ...	11 ,,	9½
Goldfinch; or, the Road to Ruin	Reading ...	3½ ,,	3½
The Grey Horse	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Guinea Pigs	,, ...	9⅞ ,,	12½
,, ...	J. R. Smith ...	19 ,,	23¾
,, ...	T. Gaugain ...	20¼ ,,	16
,, ...	J. P. Levilly ...	20⅛ ,,	15¾

H

La Halte	P. Rajon ...	6¼ by	7⅜
The Happy Cottagers ...	J. Crozer ...	17½ ,,	22¼
The Happy Family ...	J. Dean ...	20 ,,	16
The Hard Bargain	W. Ward ...	18¼ ,,	23¾
Hare Shooting	T. Simpson ...	14½ ,,	19
Harley and Old Edwards at the Grave of Young Edwards	J. Pettitt ...	17¼ ,,	21⅞
The Horse Feeder	J. R. Smith ...	17½ ,,	21¾
How Sweet's the Love, that Meets Return	T. Gaugain ...	10 ,,	12
Hunting Scene	J. Scott ...	4¾ ,,	3½
Huntsmen and Hounds (Set of Six)	J. Wright ...	12 ,,	16

I

The Idle Laundress ...	W. Blake ...	8½ by	10¼
Idleness	C. Knight ...	12 ,,	9½
Indulgence	T. Prattent ...	8 ,,	7½
The Industrious Cottager ...	W. Blake ...	8½ ,,	10¼
Industry	C. Knight ...	12 ,,	9½
Innocence Alarmed ...	J. R. Smith, jun.	18¼ ,,	23½
,, ...	W. Ward ...	17¼ ,,	23½
Inside a Country Alehouse	,, ...	18 ,,	23¾
Interior of a Shepherd's Cottage			
Interior of a Stable ...	J. Young ...	19⅝ ,,	25½

J

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
Jack in the Bilboes... ...	W. Ward ...	13⅞ by	18
,, ...	R. Clamp ...	5½ ,,	6¾
Mrs. Jordan in Character of Isabella	T. S. Englehart		
Juvenile Navigators ...	W. Ward ...	17¼ ,,	21¾

K

The Kennel	S.W. Reynolds	14¾ by	12
The Kite Entangled ...	W. Ward ...	20 ,,	16

L

The Labourer's Luncheon	C. Josi ...	15¼ by	12⅛
A Landscape with Man and Donkey			
A Land Storm	S.W. Reynolds	19¼ ,,	23¼
The Lass of Livingstone ...	T. Gaugain ...	10 ,,	12
The Last Litter	W. Ward ...	18 ,,	23⅞
Laundry Maid hanging Clothes		19¾ ,,	15
Lazy Shepherds	T. Williamson	15⅜ ,,	19
The Listening Lover ...	T. Rowlandson	12½ ,,	10
A Litter of Foxes	G. J. Grozer		
Lætitia. Series of Six Plates	J. R. Smith ...	13¾ ,,	11
,, ,, ...	A. Gabrielli ...	8 ,,	10½
Louisa	T. Gaugain ...	16 ,,	13¼
,,	,,	16 ,,	13¼
Love and Constancy Rewarded	P. Dawe ...	10⅜ ,,	12¾
The Lover's Retreat			
The Lucky Sportsman ...	F. D. Soiron	12½ ,,	10¼

M

Mad Bull	R. Dodd ...	13¼ by	17⅜
The Mail Coach in a Storm	S.W. Reynolds	18 ,,	23½
The Market Girl	C. Marr ...	5⅝ ,,	4⅜
Mastiff Chained	... ...	19 ,,	13½
Men Towing a Boat Ashore	S. W. Reynolds	6⅞ ,,	8⅞
Milkmaid and Cowherd ...	J. R. Smith...	17½ ,,	21¾
The Millers	S.W. Reynolds	21¾ ,,	15
Millers Loading Boat ...	F. Vivares ...	10⅝ ,,	8⅝
The Miseries of Idleness ...	H. Hudson ...	12½ ,,	14⅞
Mrs. Morland			
Morland. Wife and Child	Gill		
Morland's Ass	Malgo ...	10¼ ,,	12¼
Morland's Cottager ...	T. Williamson		
Morland's Emblematical Palette	S.W. Reynolds	11⅝ ,,	15⅛
Morland's Land Storm ...	T. Williamson	20¼ ,,	16
Morland's Pheasant			
Morland's Summer... ...	W. Barnard...	17⅛ ,,	23⅝
Morland's Winter	W. Barnard...	17 ,,	22⅛
Morland's Woodman ...	T. Williamson	19⅞ ,,	16¾
Morning	S. Alken ...	21½ ,,	16½

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
Morning ; or, the Benevolent Sportsman	J. Grozer ...	18⅛ by	3⅞
,, ,, ...	W. Nicholls...	4¼ ,,	6
Morning ; or, the Higglers Preparing for Market ...	D. Orme ...	17⅛ ,,	23
Morning ; or, Thoughts on Amusement for the Evening	W. Ward		
Morning Reflection ...	G. Graham ...	8⅜ ,,	7¼
The Mower	E. Bell ...	22⅝ ,,	15¾
Mutual Confidence ; or, the Sentimental Friends	,, ...	18 ,,	23½
Mutual Joy ; or, the Ship in Harbour	P. Dawe ...	12⅛ ,,	10¾
My Grandfather Smoking...	R.M.Meadows	10¾ ,,	8¾
My Grandmother Knitting	,,	10¾ ,,	8¾

N

Nurse and Children in the Fields	G. Keating ...	20⅜ by	15¾

O

The Old Gamekeeper ...	E. Bell ...	4 by	6
On the Wings of Love ...	... ...	13 ,,	10
Outside a Stable	... ...	15 ,,	19¾
Outside a Publichouse ...	... ...	20¼ ,,	15½

P

Partridge Shooting... ...	E. Jones.		
,, ,, ...	T.Rowlandson	16¾ by	21½
,, ,, ...	C. Catton,jun.	12½ ,,	15⅛
A Party Angling	G. Keating ...	17¼ ,,	22
Paying the Horse Seller ...	S.W.Reynolds	18⅛ ,,	23½
Peasant and Pigs	J. R. Smith...	17½ ,,	21¾
Peasant Family	J. Pierson ...	12¼ ,,	15¾
The Peasant's Repast ...	C. Josi ...	15¼ ,,	12⅛
,, ,, ...	...	15 ,,	19⅝
The Peasant's Sty	W. Pether ...	11⅜ ,,	15
Pedlars	J. Shepherd...	12¼ ,,	15¾
,, ...	J. Fittler ...	7⅛ ,,	8¾
Pheasant Shooting	T.Rowlandson	16¾ ,,	21½
Mr. Phillips' Dog Friend ...	W. Ward ...	13⅛ ,,	17
Pigs	R. M. Meadows		
,, ...	R. Laurie		
,, ...	F. Vivares		
The Pigsty	J. R. Smith...	19⅛ ,,	23¾
Playing at Dominoes ...	J. R. Reynolds	17¼ ,,	21¾
Playing with a Monkey ...	,,	17¼ ,,	21¾
Pleasure	T.Williamson	7⅛ ,,	9⅛
The Pleasures of Retirement	W. Ward ...	13⅛ ,,	11
The Pledge of Love ...	W. Ward ...	12¼ ,,	10¾
The Poacher...	S.W.Reynolds	20 ,,	16
The Pointer	,,	12¾ ,,	15⅞
Pointer and Hare	J. Scott ...	5⅞ ,,	8
The Power of Justice ...	J. Dean ...	18½ ,,	13⅜
The Publichouse Door ...	W. Ward ...	17⅛ by	21½
Puss	T. Hodgett ...	12¾ ,,	14¾
Puss Alarmed	P. Dawe ...	19¼ ,,	14½

R

Rabbits	W. Ward ...	9⅞ by	12⅝
,, ...	J. R. Smith ...	19 ,,	23¾
The Rabbit Warren ...	S. Alken ...	11⅜ ,,	15¾
The Recruit	... ...	9¾ ,,	11¾
Refreshment...	W. Ward ...	6½ ,,	8⅝
The Repast	,, ...	17 ,,	14
Rest from Labour	T. Burke ...	17¾ ,,	14
Rubbing Down the Post-Horse	J. R. Smith ...	12 ,,	14⅞
,, ,, ...	,, ...	18¾ ,,	13½
Rural Amusement	,, ...	13⅛ ,,	10¾
Rural Courtship	...	9 ,,	12
A Rural Feast	J. Dean ...	19 ,,	23⅝
A Rural Road	...	13¾ ,,	18¾
The Rustic Ballad	S.W.Reynolds	13 ,,	14¾
A Rustic Bridge		13¾ ,,	18½
Rustic Cares	T. Williamson	15¾ ,,	19
Rustic Courtsbip	M. C. Prestel	10 ,,	13¾
Rustic Ease	J. Young ...	17¾ ,,	14
Rustic Employment ...	J. R. Smith ...	13⅝ ,,	10¾
Rustic Gate with Figures ...	...	9¼ ,,	8
The Rustic Hovel	E. Bell ...	13¾ ,,	17⅞

S

Sailors' Conversation ...	W. Ward ...	17⅛ by	21⅞
St. James's Park	F.D. Soiron...	16¼ ,,	20
,, ...	Mdlle. Rollet	13½ ,,	16½
Seduction	J. Young ...	17¾ ,,	13¾
Selling Cherries	E. Bell ...	24 ,,	18½
Selling Fish	J. R. Smith ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
Selling Peas	E. Bell ...	24 ,,	18½
Setters	W. Ward ...	13¾ ,,	16¾
,, ...	S.W.Reynolds	12⅞ ,,	14¾
,, ...	R. Laurie		
The Setters	J. Kennerley	6¼ ,,	8½
Sheep	E. Bell ...	14 ,,	18
,, ...	J. Murphy ...	12⅛ ,,	15
,, ...	J. R. Smith		
Sheep, Horses, Cows and Dogs	...	16½ ,,	21
The Shepherd	W. Barnard		
The Shepherds	W. Ward ...	17¾ ,,	23½
,, ...	J. Wright		
The Shepherd's Boy ...	W. Ward ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
The Shepherd's Meal ...	J. R. Smith ...	20 ,,	16
Shepherds Reposing ...	W. Bond ...	18¼ ,,	14½
Slave Trade	Mdlle. Rollet	13¼ ,,	17½
,, ...	J. R. Smith ...	18 ,,	25¾
Sliding	J. Fittler ...	7 ,,	8¾
Smugglers	J. Ward ...	17½ ,,	21¾

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
Snipe Shooting	T. Rowlandson	17 by	21¾
,, ...	C. Catton, jun.	12½ ,,	15⅝
The Soldier's Farewell ...	G. Graham ...	13 ,,	15½
The Soldier's Return ...	,,	13 ,,	15½
The Soliloquy	W. Ward ...	11 ,,	7⅜
The Sportsman Enamoured; or, the Wife in Danger			
Sportsman's Hall	W. Ward ...	14 ,,	17
The Sportman's Return ...	,, ...	17½ ,,	24
Sportsmen Refreshing ...	S. Alken ...	11⅜ ,,	15¾
Spring	W. Ward ...	6¾ ,,	5½
The Squire's Door	B Duterran...	15½ ,,	13⅛
,, ...	J. P. Levilly	15⅝ ,,	13⅜
Stable Amusement	W. Ward ...	17¼ ,,	22
The Storm	,, ...	19½ ,,	15¾
The Strangers at Home ...	W. Nutter ...	10 ,,	12
Such Things Are	... ...	13 ,,	10
Summer	T. Nugent ...	11⅛ ,,	9
,, ...	W. Ward ...	6¾ ,,	5½
Summer's Evening... ...	T. Williamson	15½ ,,	19¼
Susan's Farewell			
Suspense	W. Ward ...	11¾ ,,	13⅞
The Swan Inn	Davenport ...	2½ ,,	3¼

T

A Tea Garden	F. D. Soiron	16⅜ by	20⅛
,, ...	Mdlle. Rollet	13½ ,,	16½
Temptation	W. Humphrey	17½ ,,	13¾
The Thatcher	W. Ward ...	18 ,,	23⅝
Tired Gypsies	T. Williamson	15½ ,,	18¾
The Tomb	J. Dean ...	12 ,,	10⅛
Tom Jones' First Interview with Molly Seagrim ...	W. Ward ...	12¾ ,,	9⅞
Tom Jones and Sophia Western	E. Scott ...	12¼ ,,	12¼
Tom Jones taking Molly Seagrim from the Constable	,, ...	12¼ ,,	12¼
Tottenham Court Road and St. James's Chapel ...	...	4¾ ,,	7¾
Travellers	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	21⅞
,, ...	J. Young ...	21⅜ ,,	16½
Travellers Reposing ...	J. Fittler ...	7⅛ ,,	8⅞
,, ,, ...	T. Williamson	15½ ,,	18¾
The Triumph of Benevolence	J. Dean ...	18¼ ,,	13⅞
The Turnpike	J. Fittler ...	7⅛ ,,	9
The Turnpike Gate... ...	W. Ward ...	17¾ ,,	23¾

V

Valentine's Day	J. Dean ..	18⅛ by	13⅞
Variety	W. Ward ...	11¼ ,,	7½
,, ...	Bartolotti ...	11¼ ,,	7½
A View in Leicestershire ...	J. Ward		
View on a Common... ...	M. C. Prestel	18 ,,	23½
Villagers	J. Young ...	16½ ,,	21⅜
Virtue in Danger	J. Fittler ...	7 ,,	8⅞

Title of Engravings.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
A Visit to the Boarding School	W. Ward ...	17⅛ by	21⅝
A Visit to the Child at Nurse	,, ...	17¼ ,,	21¾
A Visit to the Donkies ...	,, ...	14 ,,	18
The Visit Returned in the Country	W. Nutter ...	12½ ,,	12½
Vocal Music...	J. Baldrey ...	8 ,,	6⅝

W

The Warrener	W. Ward ...	17⅞ by	23¾
Watering the Cart Horse ...	J. R. Smith ...	12 ,,	14¾
,, ,, ...	...	17¾ ,,	13½
The Weary Sportsman ...	W. Bond ...	18¼ ,,	14½
The Widow	J. Dean ...	18 ,,	13⅝
Winter	W. Ward ...	6¾ ,,	5½
Winter's Morning	T. Williamson	15½ ,,	19⅛
A Woman Selling Fish ...	W. Nutter ...	14¾ ,,	12
Woodcock Shooting			
Woodcock and Pheasant Shooting	T. Simpson ...	12 ,,	14¾
The Woodcutters	W. Ward ...	17½ ,,	22
Woodcutter	T. Williamson	18⅛ ,,	14½
Woodcutters at Dinner ...	,,	15½ ,,	19⅛
A Woodland Scene ...		9¾ ,,	11

Y

The Young Dealer	T. Williamson	15⅝ by	19⅛
The Young Nurse and Quiet Child	G. Graham ...	8⅝ ,,	6¾
Youth Diverting Age ...	J. Grozer ...	18¼ ,,	14

MODERN ENGRAVINGS.

Alehouse Parlour	C. A. Tomkins	5 by	8½
Children Birdnesting ...	T. G. Appleton	17¼ ,,	21¾
The Cottagers	M. A. Oates...	17⅜ ,,	22
Delia	M. Cormack...	20 ,,	17
Domestic Happiness ...	J. Scott ...	8½ ,,	5
Dressing for the Masquerade	,,		,,
The Elopement	,,		,,
The Fair Penitent	,,		,,
Farm Outhouse	,,	5 ,,	8½
The Farrier's Forge ...	T. G. Appleton	17⅛ ,,	23¼
Feeding Pigs	C. J. Tomkins	5 ,,	8½
The Fish Market	J. Scott ...		,,
The Gipsies	C. A. Tomkins		,,
The Haywain	,,		,,
Higglers	C. J. Tomkins		,,
Horses in a Stable	M. Cormack	17½ ,,	23¼
Louisa	,,	20 ,,	17
The Milkmaid and Shepherd	,,	17⅝ ,,	23
Nancy	,,	20 ,,	17
The Pledge of Love ...	,,	19¾ ,,	16¾
Rabbits	C. J. Tomkins	5 ,,	8½

Title of Engraving.	Engraver.	Size. in.	in.
The Reckoning	B. Shutte ...	17½ by	23¼
Return to the Stable ...	C. O. Murray	15 ,,	21
Setters	Photogravure	5 ,,	8½
The Shipwreck	J. Scott ...	,,	
Tarring the Boat	,, ...	,,	
The Tavern Door	,, ...	8½ ,,	5
The Thatcher	C. J. Tomkins	5 ,,	8½
Toll House	C. A. Tomkins	,,	
The Travellers	M. A. Oates...	17¾ ,,	22
The Virtuous Parent ...	J. Scott ...	8½ ,,	5
The Visit to the Nurse ...	Photogravure	5 ,,	8½
Winter	J. Scott ...	,,	

ENGRAVERS.

Adam.

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
Friendship ...	(S)...	J. Read.	Aug. 15, 1795

S. Alken.

Evening	(A)...	J. Vivares.	1792
Morning	(A)...	,,	,,
The Rabbit Warren	(A)	J. R. Smith.	Mar. 2, 1801
Sportsmen Refreshing	(A)	,,	,,

W. T. Annis.

Boy and Pigs	(M)...	H. Macklin.	July 12, 1806
Coast Scene, A.	(M)...	,,	

J. Baldrey.

Vocal Music ...	(S)...	T. Palser.	Mar. 1, 1813

W. Barnard.

The Shepherd	(M)...	W. Barnard.	Sep. 12, 1801
The Brown Jug, or Waggoner's Farewell	(M)	,,	May 1, 1802
The Flowing Bowl, or Sailors Return'd	(M)	,,	,,
Morland's Winter	(M)	W. J. Sargard	Aug. 21, 1802
The Country Butcher	(M)	J. Higham.	Feb. 14, 1810
The Cottage Fireside	(M)	T. Palser.	June 20, 1811

Edward Bell.

Cows	(M)...	E. Bell.	Oct., 1793
Sheep	(M)...	,,	,,
Delicate Embarrassment	(M)...	J. Crozer.	1796
Mutual Confidence	(M)...	,,	,,
Fox Hunting. Series of Four :—	(M)...	E. Bell.	Apr. 14, 1800
Going Out.			
Going into Cover.			
The Check.			
The Death.			

Edward Bell.

Selling Peas ...	(M)...	T. Ladd.	July 12, 1801
Selling Cherries	(M)...	,,	May 12, 1801
The Rustic Hovel	(M)...	E. Orme.	Jan. 1, 1804
The Cottage Sty	(M)...	,,	,,
The Frightened Horse	(M)	,,	,,
The Mower ...	(M)		
The Old Gamekeeper	(S)		

W. Blake.

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
The Idle Laundress	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	1788
	Repub.,	H. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1803
The Industrious Cottager	(S)	J. R. Smith.	1788
	Repub.,	H. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1803

W. Bond.

The Farmer's Visit to his Married Daughter in Town	(S)	W. Dickinson.	May 1, 1789
The Weary Sportsman	(S)	H. Macklin.	Apr. 1, 1803
Shepherds Reposing	(S)	,,	Oct. 1, 1803

R. Brooke.

The Attentive Shepherd	(M)	Mrs. Macklin	Oct. 1, 1805
Companion to above	(M)	,,	,,
Fishermen in Distress	(M)		

T. Burke.

Returning from Labour	(M)	H. Macklin.	June 10, 1801
Rest from Labour	(S)...	R. Lambe.	May 1, 1808

Burrows.

Belinda	(S)...	J. Read.	May 1, 1794

C. Catton, Jun.

Partridge Shooting	(A)...	Simpson&Co.	Feb. 14, 1790
	Repub.,	J. P. Thompson.	Aug. 16, 1814
Snipe Shooting ...	(A)	Simpson&Co.	Feb. 14, 1790
	Repub.,	J. P. Thompson.	Aug. 16, 1814

R. Clamp.

The Contented Waterman	(S)	J. Read.	Jan. 1, 1797
Jack in the Bilboes	(S)...	,,	,,

Colinet.

Contemplation	(S)...	A Paris chez Eaton

T. Cook.

The Accommodation	(S)	1795
Companion to above	(S)	,,

Davenport.

The Swan Inn ...	(L)

P. Dawe.

Love and Constancy Rewarded ...	(M)...	W. Hinton.	Nov. 1, 1785
Anxiety : or, The Ship at Sea	(M)...	W. Dickinson	May 1, 1788
Mutual Joy : or the Ship in Harbour	(M)...	,,	,,
Children Fishing	(M) ..	,,	Dec. 20, 1788
Children Gathering Blackberries ...	(M)...	,,	,,
Puss Alarmed	(M)...	R. Lambe.	1808
The Banks of the Dee	(M)		
Girl with Dove	(M)...		

E. Dayes.

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
Children Nutting	(M)	J. R. Smith.	July 1, 1783
Repub.,		,,	1788

J. Dean.

The Happy Family	(M)...	J. Dean.	Nov. 15, 1787
Valentine's Day	(M)...	,,	,,
The Power of Justice	(M)	,,	Apr. 1, 1788
The Widow ...	(M)...	,,	June 5, 1788
The Triumph of Benevolence	(M)...	,,	Aug. 1, 1788
The Tomb ...	(S)...	,,	Oct. 1, 1789
A Rural Feast ...	(M)...	,,	May 20, 1790

W. Dickinson.

Children's Amusement	(M)	W. Dickinson.	

R. Dodd.

Mad Bull ...	(A)...	P. Cornman.	Nov. 20, 1789

E. J. Dumée.

The Discovery	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	June 25, 1788
The Fair Seducer	(S)...	,,	,,
The Benevolent Lady	(S)	T. Prattent.	Feb. 1, 1791

B. Duterreau.

The Farmer's Door ...	(S)	J. R. Smith.	Aug. 4, 1790
The Squire's Door ...	(S)	,,	,,

T. S. Englehart.

Mrs. Jordan in the character of Isabella ...	(S)		

J. Fittler.

Traveller's Reposing	(L)	J. Fittler.	May 1, 1790
Virtue in Danger	(L)...	P. Cornman.	,,
Sliding	(L)...	,,	Aug., 1790
Pedlars	(L)...	J. Fittler.	,,
The Turnpike ...	(L)...	,,	Jan., 1796
The Bell	(L)...	,,	,,
The Gipsies' Encampment	(L).		

A. Gabrielli.

*Lætitia. Series of Six Plates	(L).		

* For Titles of Plates *see* J. R. Smith.

T. Gaugain.

How Sweet's the Love that meets Return	(S)...	T. Gaugain.	Dec., 1785
The Lass of Livingtone	(S)	,,	,,
Louisa } a pair Lonisa }	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Apr. 10, 1789
Guinea Pigs ...	(S)...	T. Gaugain.	Sep., 1789
Dancing Dogs ...	(S)...	,,	Feb., 1790

T. Gosse.

The Country Butcher	(M)	J. R. Smith.	Oct. 25, 1802

G. Graham.

Morning Reflection	(S)	E. Jackson.	Sep. 3, 1788

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
The Billeted Soldier	(S)	T. Simpson.	Feb. 4, 1791
The Soldier's Return	(S)	,,	Feb. 1, 1790
The Soldier's Farewell	(S)	,,	,,
The Angry Boy and Tired Dog	(S)...	T. Palser.	Apr. 15, 1813
The Young Nurse and Quiet Child ...	(S)...	,,	,,

J. Grozer.

Youth Diverting Age	(M)	W. Dickinson.	Aug. 30, 1789
The Gipsies' Tent	(M)...	B. B. Evans.	Apr. 23, 1793
The Happy Cottagers	(M)	,,	,,
Morning: or the Benevolent Sportsman	(M)	J. Grozer.	May, 1795
Evening: or, The Sportsman's Return	(M)...	,,	,,
A Litter of Foxes	(M)...	,,	1797

R. H. Heath.

The Disabled Soldier ...		T. Tegg.	1806
The Female Pedlar ...		,,	,,

W. Hilton.

Fishermen on Shore	(M)	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 10, 1806

T. Hodgett.

Puss	(M)...	H. Morland.	Apr. 11, 1810

J. Hogg.

Changing Quarters	(S)...	T. Simpson.	Feb. 4, 1791

H. Hudson.

Affluence Reduced	(M)	J. R. Smith.	Jan. 20, 1790
The Miseries of Idleness	(M)	,,	,,

W. Humphrey.

Temptation ...	(M)	W. Dickinson.	Dec. 1, 1790

J. Jenner.

Compassion ...	(M)		
Gipsy Courtship ...	(M)	T. Jones and J. Jenner	Aug. 12, 1792

E. Jones.

Partridge Shooting	(M)	John Cary.	June 7, 1805

C. Josi.

The Labourer's Luncheon	(S)	J. R. Smith.	Dec. 20, 1797
The Peasant's Repast	(S)	,,	,,

F. Jukes.

Fishermen Preparing to Go Out ...	(A)...	J. Deeley.	Feb. 14, 1811
The Fishermen Returning	(A)	,,	,,

G. Keating.

Children Playing at Soldiers ...	(M)...	J. R. Smith.	Aug. 5, 1788
A Party Angling	(M)...	,,	Nov. 28, 1789
Nurse and Children in the Fields	(M)...	,,	Apr. 1, 1791

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
Deserter. Series of Four Plates	(M)...	J. R. Smith.	July 29, 1791
Trepanning a Recruit.			
Recruit Deserted.			
Deserter taking Leave of his Wife.			
Deserter Pardoned.			
The Cottager's Wealth	(M)		
Jno. Kennerley.			
The Setters ...	(S)...	H. Macklin.	Jan. 20, 1804
C. Knight.			
Industry	(S)...	E.M. Diemar.	May 1, 1788
Idleness	(S)...	,,	,,
R. Laurie.			
Setters	(M)...		
Mackenzie.			
Vignette on Title	(S)...	J. Cundee.	1806
The Infant Nursery	(S)...	,,	,,
Goats	(S)...	,,	,,
Asses	(S)...	,,	,,
Sheep	(S)...	,,	,,
Malgo.			
Morland's Ass ...	(M)...	E. Orme.	1804
C. Marr.			
The Market Girl	(L)...	G. Virtue.	
R. M. Meadows.			
Gathering Fruit...	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 2, 1795
	Repub.,	,,	Feb. 2, 1799
	,,	T. Palser.	Jan. 1, 1816
Gathering Wood	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 2, 1795
	Repub.,	,,	Feb. 2, 1799
	,,	T. Palser.	Jan. 1, 1816
Pigs	(S)...	W.T. Strutt.	Mar. 18, 1806
My Grandmother Knitting	(S)...		
My Grandfather Smoking	(S).		
G. Morland.			
Coursing	(A)...	J. Read.	Mar. 1, 1792
,, ...	(A)...	,,	,,
J. Murphy.			
Sheep	(M).		
W. Nicholls.			
Evening: or, The Sportsman's Return...	(S).		
T. Nugent.			
The Disconsolate and Her Parrot	(S).		
Summer	(S).		
W. Nutter.			
The Strangers at Home	(S)	E.M. Diemar.	Aug. 1, 1788
The Visit Returned in the Country ...	(S)...	W.Dickinson.	May 1, 1789
A Woman Selling Fish	(S)		
	Repub.,	Boydell & Co.	May 1, 1815
D. Orme.			
Morning: or, The Higglers Preparing for Market	(S)	D. Orme.	Jan. 1, 1796
Evening: or, The Post-boy's Return ...	(S)...	,,	,,
E. Orme.			
Conversation ...	(S)...	E. Orme.	July 1, 1804
W. Pether.			
The Peasant's Sty	(M).		
J. Pettitt.			
Harley and Old Edwards at the Grave of Young Edwards ...	(M)...	W. Holland.	May, 1787
J. Pierson.			
Peasant Family...	(S)...	J. Pierson.	July 1, 1805
T. Prattent.			
Discipline ...	(S)...	J. Brydon.	June, 1788
Indulgence ...	(S)...	,,	,,
M. C. Prestel.			
The Country Girl at Home	(A)...	E.M. Diemar.	Feb. 1, 1792
The Country Girl in London ...	(A)...	,,	,,
Rustic Courtship	(A)...	,,	
View on a Common	(A).		
A. Ragona.			
Changing Quarters	(L).		
P. Rajon.			
La Halte (Publichouse Door)	(E)...	F. Liénard.	
Reading.			
The Elopement...	(S)...	J. Garbanati.	
Goldfinch: or, The Road to Ruin ...	(L)...	,,	
J. R. Reynolds.			
Playing at Dominoes	(M)...	T. Ladd and W.Atkins.	May 1, 1797
Playing with a Monkey	(M)	,,	,,
(In Whitman's book the above named prints are given as by S. W. Reynolds.)			
S. W. Reynolds.			
The Rustic Ballad	(M)...	J. Read.	May 1, 1795
A Bear Hunt ...	(M)...	S.W.Reynolds.	Apr. 20, 1796
The Kennel ...	(M)...	,,	,,
A Land Storm ...	(M)...	P. Brown.	Feb. 17, 1798
Setters	(M)...	S. Morgan.	Mar. 1, 1799
The Fisherman's Dog	(M)	S.W.Reynolds.	Jan. 1, 1800

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
The Millers ...	(M)...	W. Jeffryes.	Aug. 12, 1800
The Poacher ...	(M)...	,,	,,
The Mail Coach	(M)...	R.Ackermann.	Jan. 1, 1801
Paying the Horseseller	(M)	H. Macklin.	Jan. 12, 1805
Fisherman Going Out	(M)	J. R. Smith.	May 17, 1805
Morland's Emblematical Palette... ...	(M)...	J. Linnell.	Jan. 1, 1806
The Pointer ...	(M).		
Men Towing a Boat Ashore... ...	(M).		

MDLLE. ROLLET.

African Hospitality	(S).		
Slave Trade ...	(S).		
A Tea Garden ...	(S).		
St. James's Park	(S).		

T. ROWLANDSON.

The Listening Lover	(A)...	W. Taylor.	Nov. 21, 1789
Duck Shooting	(A)...	J. Harris.	Jan. 1, 1790
Partridge Shooting	(A)...	,,	,,
Pheasant Shooting	(A)...	,,	,,
Snipe Shooting	(A)...	,,	,,

H. SCHUTZ.

A Country Church	(A) ...		

E. SCOTT.

Boys' Skating ...	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Dec. 9, 1790
Boys' Robbing Orchard	(S)	,,	,,
Boys' Bathing ...	(S)...	,,	,,
Boys' and the Angry Farmer... ...	(S)...	,,	,,
		Repub., J. P. Thompson.	1804
Tom Jones and Sophia Western ...	(S)...	J. S. Birchall.	June 4, 1791
Tom Jones taking Molly Seagrim from the Constable	(S)...	,,	,,

J. SCOTT.

Farmyard ...	(L)...	J. Cundee.	Nov. 1, 1805
Frost Piece ...	(L)...	,,	,,
Pointer and Hare	(L)...	,,	,,
Hunting Scene ...	(L)...	J. Pittman.	July 29, 1824

G. SHEPHERD.

The Fleecy Charge	(S)...	T. Macklin.	June 7, 1796
Dogs	(S)...	H. Macklin.	May 12, 1802

J. SHEPHERD.

Pedlars	(S)...	J. Pierson.	Sep. 1, 1805

T. SIMPSON.

Duck Shooting. Plate 1	(S)	T. Simpson.	Apr. 20, 1790
,, Plate 2	(S)	,,	,,
		Repub., J. P. Thompson.	Aug. 16, 1804
Woodcock and Pheasant Shooting ...	(S)...	T. Simpson.	Apr. 20, 1790
Hare Shooting ...	(S)...	,,	,,
Coursing... ...	(S)...	,,	Nov. 10, 1791
		Repub., J. P. Thompson.	Aug. 15, 1814

JOHN RAPHAEL SMITH.

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
Delia in Town ...	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 12, 1788
Delia in the Country	(S)	,,	,,
*Rural Amusement	(S)...	,,	,,
*Rustic Employment	(S)...	,,	,,

* These were republished by Ackermann, 1814, but with alterations.

Lætitia. Series of Six Plates	(S)...	J. R. Smith.	Jan. 1, 1789
Plate 1. Domestic Happiness.			
,, 2. The Elopement.			
,, 3. The Virtuous Parent.			
,, 4. Dressing for the Masquerade.			
,, 5. The Tavern Door.			
,, 6. The Fair Penitent.			
This set was republished by R. Ackermann, Jan. 1, 1811, but with alterations.			
African Hospitality	(M)...	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 1, 1791
Slave Trade ...	(M)...	,,	,,
This pair were republished by S. Morgan, March 24, 1814.			
Christmas Gambols	(M)	J. R. Smith.	Feb. 5, 1791
Feeding the Pigs	(M)...	,,	July 1, 1793
Return from Market	(M)	,,	,,
Dog and Cat ...	(M)...	,,	Aug. 1, 1794
Fighting Dogs ...	(M)...	,,	,,
Rubbing-down the Post-horse	(M)...	,,	,,
Watering the Carthorse		,,	,,
The Cornbin ...	(M)...	,,	May 1, 1797
The Horse Feeder	(M)...	,,	,,
Milkmaid and Cowherd	(M)	,,	Oct. 20, 1798
The Fisherman's Hut	(M)	,,	Oct. 1, 1799
Selling Fish ...	(M)...	,,	,,
Cottage Family	(M)...	,,	Feb. 1, 1803
The Shepherd's Meal	(M)	,,	,,
A Conversation	(M)...	,,	June 1, 1803
Peasant and Pigs	(M)...	,,	,,
Sheep	(M)...	,,	Sep. 1, 1803
Child looking into a Pig-sty	(M)...	T. Palser.	Jan. 1, 1807
Guinea Pigs ...	(M)...	,,	,,
Rabbits	(M)...	,,	

J. R. SMITH, JUN.

Breaking the Ice ...	(M)	J. R. Smith.	Oct. 20, 1798
The Fern Gatherers	(M)	,,	1799
Innocence Alarmed	(M)	H. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1803

F. D. SOIRON.

St. James's Park ...	(S)	T. Gaugain.	Jan., 1790
A Tea Garden ...	(S)	,,	,,
The Lucky Sportsman	(S)	B. Tabart.	Feb. 14, 1795

A. SUNTACH.

Deserter. Four Plates	(S)	A. Suntach.	
La Chasse de la Becassine (Snipe)	(S)	,,	Oct. 15, 1790

tle of Engraving.	Publisher.	Date.
La Chasse de la Becasse (Woodcock) (S)...	A. Suntach.	June 15, 1791
La Chasse du Lièvre (Hare) ... (S)...	,,	Sept. 15, 1791
La Chasse du Canard (Duck)... ... (S)...	,,	Dec. 15, 1791
R. S. Syer.		
Alehouse Kitchen (M)...	J. R. Smith.	Jan. 1, 1801
Alehouse Door (M)...	,,	,,
P. W. Tomkins.		
ChildrenFeedingGoats (S)	J. Walker.	Jan. 1, 1790
F. Vivares.		
Children in Woods (S)...	E. Orme.	Sept., 1802
Millers loading Boat (S) ...	,,	,,
Ass and Pigs ... (S)...	,,	July 1, 1804
Pigs ... ... (S)...		
James Ward.		
A Boy Employed in Burning Weeds ... (M)...	B. Tabart.	April 1, 1793
A View in Leicestershire *Repub.*,	Colnaghi, Sala & Co.	March, 1799
Fishermen ... (M)...	J. R. Smith.	Nov. 1, 1793
Smugglers ... (M)...	,,	,,
Fern Burners ... (M)...	,,	,,
William Ward.		
Tom Jones' First Interview with Molly Seagrim (M)	W. Holland.	Nov. 1, 1786
The Coquette at Her Toilet... ... (M)...	W.Dickinson.	July 2, 1787
Domestic Happiness (M)	,,	,,
The Delightful Story (M)	W. Ward.	Sept. 1, 1787
The Soliloquy ... (S)...	W.Dickinson.	Oct. 1, 1787
TheFirstPledge of Love(S)	T. Prattent.	Jan., 1788
Spring / Summer / Autumn / Winter — Set of Four Ovals. (S)	T. Prattent.	Mar. 1, 1788
Suspense... ... (M)...	W.Dickinson.	May 1, 1788
The Pledge of Love (M)...	,,	June 1, 1788
A Visit to the Child at Nurse ... ... (M)...	J. R. Smith.	Aug. 20, 1788
Constancy .. (S)...	W.Dickinson.	Sep. 4, 1788
Variety ... ... (S)...	,,	,,
Blind Man's Buff (M)...	J. R. Smith.	Dec. 14, 1788
Children Birdnesting (M)	,,	Feb. 27, 1789
The Pleasures of Retirement ... ... (M)	J. T. Smith.	May, 1789
The Effects of Youthful Extravagance and Idleness ... ... (M)...	T. Simpson.	July 1, 1789
**Repub.*,	,,	Mar. 25, 1794
,,	John P. Thompson.	June 4. 1804
The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy(M)	T. Simpson.	Nov. 1, 1789
**Repub.*,	,,	Mar. 25, 1794
,,	John P. Thompson.	June 4, 1804

Title of Engraving.	Publisher.	Date.
* The second plates are about 3 inches longer and 2 inches wider.		
Mr. Phillips' Dog Friend (M)		Oct. 4, 1789
Juvenile Navigators (M)	J. R. Smith.	Oct. 28, 1789
Refreshment ... (M)...	P. Cornman.	Nov. 20, 1789
An Ass Race ... (M)...	,,	,,
The Angler's Repast (M)	J. R. Smith.	Nov. 28, 1789
A Visit to the Boarding School ... (M)...	,,	Dec. 28, 1789
The Kite Entangled(M)...	,,	June 19, 1790
The Contented Waterman (M)	P. Cornman.	Sept. 19, 1790
Repub.,	J. Linnell.	Sept. 8, 1806
Jack in the Bilboes (M)...	P. Cornman.	Sept. 19, 1790
Cottagers ... (M)...	T. Simpson.	Feb., 1791
Travellers ... (M)...	,,	,,
The Farmer's Stable (M)	T. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1792
The Shepherd's Boy (M)	D. Orme.	Feb. 1, 1792
The Woodcutter ... (M)	D. Orme.	,,
The Country Stable (M)	,,	Mar. 1, 1792
The Barn Door... (M)...	T. Simpson.	April 9, 1792
Gipsies ... ... (M)...	,,	,,
A Carrier's Stable (M)...	,,	June 1, 1792
Repub.,	,,	Apr. 9, 1793
The Sportsman's Return (M)	D. Orme.	Dec. 20, 1792
The First of September— Morning ... (M)...	T. Simpson.	May 1, 1794
Evening ... (M)...	,,	,,
The Farmer's Stable (M)	J. R. Smith.	July 1, 1795
The Farmyard ... (M)...	,,	,,
The Dram ... (M)...	,,	Aug. 30, 1796
The Storm ... (M)...	,,	,,
Inside of a Country Alehouse ... ... (M)...	W. Ward.	Mar. 1, 1797
Girl and Calves... (M)...	Collins and Morgan.	Dec. 3, 1797
Repub.,	S. Morgan.	Feb. 28, 1802
Girl and Pigs ... (M)...	Collins and Morgan.	Dec. 3, 1797
Repub.,	S. Morgan.	Feb. 28, 1802
William Ward.		
The Hard Bargain (M)...	J. L. Cartwright.	Mar. 20, 1800
Repub.,	H. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1803
The Last Litter... (M)...	J. L. Cartwright.	Mar. 20, 1800
Repub.,	H. Macklin.	Jan. 1, 1803
Alehouse Politicians(M)...	Wards & Co.	Mar. 2, 1801
The Publichouse Door(M)	J. R. Smith	July 20, 1801
Stable Amusement (M)...	,,	,,
Sailors' Conversation (M)	,,	Oct. 25, 1802
Giles, the Farmer's Boy ... ... (M)	H. Macklin.	Feb. 12, 1803
A Visit to theDonkeys (M)	,,	July 1, 1803
The Thatcher ... (M)...	J. Linnell.	Jan. 1, 1806
The Warrener ... (M)...	H. Morland.	,,
Repub.,	R. Lambe.	June, 1813

Title of Engraving.	Publisher.	Date.
The Shepherds ... (M)...	H. Morland.	June 1, 1806
The Turnpike Gate (M)...	J. Linnell.	June 4, 1806
Setters ... ... (M)...	,,	June 15, 1806
Rabbits ... ... (M)...	,,	Sept. 1, 1806
Guinea Pigs ... (M)...	,,	,,
The Repast ... (M)...	R. Lambe.	May 1, 1808
Donkeys ... ... (M)...	W. Ward.	Feb. 14, 1811
Bathing Horses... (M)...	R. Lambe.	May 10, 1814
The Disconsolate and Her Parrot ... (M).		
Fishermen Going Out (M).		
The Grey Horse (M).		
Innocence Alarmed (M).		
J. Whessell.		
Boatman ... (S)...	J. P. Thompson.	Jan. 1, 1796.
T. Williamson.		
The Gipsies' Camp (S)		1802
Woodcutters at Dinner(S)	T. Williamson.	Mar. 10, 1803
First Love ... (S)...	,,	May 1, 1804
Lazy Shepherds... (S)...	,,	,,
The Young Dealer (S)...	,,	,,
Morland's Cottager (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1805
Morland's Woodman(S)...	,,	,,
Rustic Cares ... (S)...	R. Bowyer.	Sept. 2, 1805
Summer's Evening (S)...	,,	,,
Travellers' Reposing(S)...	,,	,,
Tired Gipsies... (S)...	,,	,,
Winter's Morning (S)...	,,	,,
Cottagers in Winter (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1806
Woodcutters (S)...	,,	,,
Morland'sLand Storm (S)	T. Palser.	Mar. 31, 1817
Business ... ... (S)...		
Pleasure ... ... (S)...		
J. Wright.		
Shepherds ... (S)...	J. Harris.	Feb. 11, 1794
Boy and Pigs ... (S)...	,,	Feb. 17, 1794
Huntsmen and Hounds, Set of Six ... (S)...	,,	July 1, 1794 to Jan. 1,1795
J. Young.		
Credulous Innocence (M)	J. Birchall.	Nov. 5, 1788
Fishermen ... (M)...	J. Young.	May 15, 1800
Travellers ... (M)...	,,	Feb. 14, 1802
Villagers ... (M)...	,,	,,
Interior of a Stable (M)...	,,	Mar. 1, 1804
Rustic Ease ... (M)...	,,	

ENGRAVERS NOT ASCERTAINED.

Title of Engraving.	Publisher.	Date.
Appointment ... (S).		
,, ... (M).		
TheAgreeableSurprise(M)	Carington Bowles.	Mar. 24, 1788
Children with Sheep (M)		
The Child of Nature—Mrs. Jordan (S).		
Constantia		
Disappointment (M)...	S. W. Fores.	July, 1792
,, (S).		
Duck Shooting (A).		
The Elopement of Anna from the Parsonage House ... (S).		
The Frightened Horse (S)	E. Orme.	June 4, 1804
Gentle Shepherd (S).		
Gipsies ... ... (S).		
Gipsies' Camp ... (S).		
Interior of a Shepherd's Cottage ... (M).		
A Landscape with Man and Donkey ... (M).		
Laundry Maid Hanging Clothes ... (S)...	E. Orme.	May 1, 1793
The Lovers' Retreat(M)...	Laurie and Whittle.	Sept. 12, 1796
Mastiff Chained (M).		
Mrs. Morland ... (S).		
Morning : or,Thoughts on Amusements for the Evening...	M. Colnaghi.	1790
On the Wings of Love(M)	Robert Sayer.	Feb. 12, 1788
Outside the Public-house ... ... (S)...	E. Orme.	May 1, 1793
Peasant's Repast (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1794
Rubbing the Post-horse ... ... (S)...	,,	May 1, 1793
Rural Courtship (S).		
A Rural Road ... (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1793
A Rustic Bridge (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1794
A Rustic Gate with Figures... ... (S)...	,,	June 4, 1804
Sheep, Horses, Cows, and Dogs ... (S)...	,,	Jan. 1, 1793
Such Things Are (M)...	Laurie and Whittle.	
Susan's Farewell (S).		
Tottenham Court Road and St.James'Chapel(A)	R.Ackermann.	Mar. 1, 1812
Watering the Cart-horse ... ... (S)...	E. Orme.	May 1, 1793
Woodcock Shooting (A).		

MODERN ENGRAVINGS.

Title of Engraving.	Publisher.	Date.
T. G. Appleton.		
The Farrier's Forge(M)...	J.P.Mendoza.	May 14, 1896
Children Birdnesting (M)	H. Graves & Co.	Oct. 23, 1896
Mrs. M. Cormack.		
Horses in a Stable (M)...	J.P.Mendoza.	Jan. 24, 1895
Delia ... ... (M)...	,,	Feb. 6, 1895
Nancy ... ... (M)...	,,	Oct. 22, 1897
The Milkmaid and Shepherd ... ... (M)...	,,	May 12, 1900

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
Louisa	(M)...	J.P.Mendoza	May 26, 1902
The Pledge of Love	(M)	Frost & Reed	May 24, 1905
C. O. Murray.			
Return to the Stable (National Gallery)	(E)	Dowdeswell.	June 21, 1889
M. A. Oates.			
The Cottagers ...	(M)...	H. Graves & Co.	Jan. 9, 1903
The Travellers...	(M)...	,,	,,
James Scott.			
Tarring the Boat	(M)...	H. Graves & Co.	Jan. 29, 1883
Winter	(M)...	,,	,,
Farm Outhouse...	(M)...	,,	,,
Domestic Happiness	(M)	,,	,,
The Virtuous Parent	(M)	,,	Nov. 17, 1884
The Tavern Door	(M)...	,,	,,
The Elopement...	(M)...	,,	Sept. 22, 1890
Dressing for the Masquerade	(M)...	,,	,,
The Fair Penitent	(M)...	,,	,,
The Fish Market	(M)...	,,	,,
The Shipwreck...	(M)...	,,	,.

Beatrice Shutte.

Title of Engraving.		Publisher.	Date.
The Reckoning	(M)...	J.P.Mendoza.	May 3, 1902

C. A. Tomkins.

Alehouse Parlour ...	(M)	H. Graves & Co.	Jan. 29, 1884
Toll-house ...	(M)...	,,	,,
The Gipsies ...	(M)...	,,	Sept. 22, 1890
The Haywain ...	(M)...	,,	,,

C. J. Tomkins.

Higglers	(M)...	H. Graves & Co.	Jan. 29, 1884
Rabbits	(M)...	,,	,,
The Thatcher ...	(M)...	,,	Nov. 17, 1884
Feeding Pigs ...	(M)...	,,	,,

Photogravure.

Setters		H. Graves & Co.	Sep. 22, 1890
The Visit to the Nurse ...		,,	,,

ENGRAVED PORTRAITS OF GEORGE MORLAND.

	Painter.	Engraver.		Size.	Publication Line.
George Morland ...		T. Gaugain ...	(S)	15½ by 19½ ...	J. Stephens, Nov. 30, 1804
,,	Robert Muller ...	W. Ward ...	(M)	15 ,, 11 ...	J. Harris, Jan. 1, 1805
,,	J. R. Smith ...	J. R. Smith ...	(M)	15 ,, 11⅛ ...	J. R. Smith, Jan. 20, 1805
,,	G. Morland ...	F. Vivares ...	(S)	14¼ ,, 17⅝ ...	E. Orme, Jan. 25, 1805
,,	W. Collins, jun....	W. Ward ...	(M)	5⅛ ,, 3⅞ ...	W. Collins, Feb. 14, 1806
,,			(S)		R. S. Kirby, Feb. 26, 1806
,,	Mrs. S. Jones, 1792	MacKenzie ...	(S)	11 ,, 8¾ ...	J. Cundee, 1806
,,	J. R. Smith, 1792	C. Picart ...	(S)	3⅜ ,, 2⅝ ...	Vernon Hood & Co., April 15, 1807
,,		F. S. Wheatley	(S)		
Morland, Wife and Child		Gill	(M)		

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Note on Morland. By W. E. Henley	Back of Title Page.
George Morland. A Biographical Sketch	5–46
A Note upon Morland Engravings (from "The Connoisseur," August, 1904). By Martin Hardie.	46–50
Bibliography of Books relating to Morland	124
Catalogue of the Published Engravings from Paintings by George Morland	125–136

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Title.	Engraver.		Page.
Alehouse Door, The (Collection of George Salting, Esq.), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	64
Anglers' Repast	W. Ward	Colour Plate	117
Bell, The	J. Fittler	-	63
Benevolent Lady, The	E. J. Dumèe	Collotype	57
Billeted Soldier's Departure, The	G. Graham	Colour Plate	105
Blind White Horse, The (Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)	-	-	71
Boat on Seashore (From the Original Painting)	-	-	92
Boys Robbing an Orchard (Collection of Sir Charles Tennant), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	92
Boys Skating	E. Scott	-	107
Carrier's Stable, A	W. Ward	-	112
Coast Scene, A	W. T. Annis	-	55
Constantia	Unknown	Colour Plate	97
Cottagers	W. Ward	-	103
Dancing Dogs	T. Gaugain	-	96
Day after the Wreck, The (Collection of Canon Phillips), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	100
Delia in Town	J. R. Smith	Colour Plate	85
Delia in the Country	„	„	89
Deserter's Farewell, The (Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey)	-	-	87
Disconsolate and her Parrot, The (a portrait of Mrs. Morland) (Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)	-	-	120

Title.	Engraver.		Page.
Domestic Happiness (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype, *facing page*	26
Dressing for the Masquerade (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype, *facing page*	38
Duck Shooting	T. Simpson		108
Elopement, The (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype, *facing page*	30
Evening, or the Postboy's Return	D. Orme		68
Fair Penitent, The (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype, *facing page*	46
Farmer's Stable, The	W. Ward	Colour Plate	93
Farmer's Visit to his Married Daughter in Town, The	W. Bond		95
Ferry Boat, The (Collection of Canon Phillips), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.			75
First Pledge of Love, The	W. Ward	Collotype	73
Fisherman and his Wife. A Sketch. (Collection of John Haines, Esq.)			121
Fisherman's Hut, The	J. R. Smith		76
Fishing Boat (from the Original Painting)			84
Gathering Sticks (Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey) from "The Portfolio" by permission of Seeley & Co.			104
Gipsies (Collection of Sir Chas. S. Hamilton) from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.			115
Gipsy Encampment, A (Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey)			116
Girl and Calves	W. Ward		63
Girl and Pigs	„		68
Girl on a Seashore on a Windy Day (Collection of F. Abbiss Phillips, Esq.)			75
Guinea Pigs	T. Gaugain		83
Indolence (Collection of Sir Chas. Tennant)			99
Industry „ „ „	C. Knight		99
Innocence Alarmed, or the Flash in the Pan (Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.			95
Lighthouse, The (from the Original Painting)			84
"Louisa" (from an Engraving)	T. Gaugain	Colour	Cover.
"Louisa" or the Shipwreck (Collection of T. J. Barratt, Esq.)	„		51
Lucky Sportsman, The	F. D. Soiron	Collotype	81
Man's Head. A Sketch. (Collection of John Haines, Esq.)			122
Market Cart, The (from the Original Painting)			80
Morland's Servant, Simpson (Collection of Canon Phillips), from "The Portfolio" by permission of Seeley & Co.			56
Morland, George, from a Water Colour Drawing, by T. Rowlandson			122
„ „	W. Ward		52

Title.	Engraver.		Page.
Morning, or the Higglers preparing for Market	D. Orme	-	60
Morning, or the Benevolent Sportsman	J. Grozer	-	79
Morning, or Thoughts on Amusement for the Evening	W. Ward	Colour Plate	53
Mutual Joy, or the Ship in the Harbour	P. Dawe	„	101
Party Angling, A	G. Keating	„	113
Pedlars	J. Fittler	-	79
Pig's Head. A Sketch. (Collection of John Haines, Esq.)	-	-	123
Playing at Soldiers (Collection of Sir Chas. Tennant) from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	115
Rabbit Warren, The (No. 11)	S. Alken	-	88
Ram's Head. A Sketch. (Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	123
Rural Amusement	J. R. Smith	Colour Plate	*Frontispiece.*
Rustic Employment	J. R. Smith	-	124
Sea Coast, Men, and Boats (Collection of Sir Charles S. Hamilton), from "The Portfolio," by permission of Seeley & Co.	-	-	80
Sliding	J. Fittler	-	111
St. James's Park	F. D. Soiron	-	88
Soldier's Return, The	G. Graham	Colour Plate	109
Sportsmen Refreshing (No. XI.)	S. Alken	-	119
Suspence	W. Ward	Colour Plate	61
Tavern Door, The (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype *facing page*	42
Title from the Wrapper of a Drawing Book	-	-	120
Title Page of a Drawing Book	-	-	119
Traveller, The. From the Original Painting	-	Colour Plate, *facing page*	20
Travellers	W. Ward	-	59
Travellers Reposing	J. Fittler	-	67
Turnpike, The	J. Fittler	-	72
Valentine's Day—The Fairing	J. Dean	Collotype	77
Variety	W. Ward	Colour Plate *facing page*	8
View in Leicestershire, A	J. Ward	-	108
Virtue in Danger	J. Fittler	-	91
Virtuous Parent, The (Lætitia Series)	J. R. Smith	Collotype, *facing page*	34
Visit to the Boarding School, A	W. Ward	„	69
Visit to the Child at Nurse, A.	W. Ward	„	65
Visit returned in the Country, The	W. Nutter	Colour Plate *facing page*	14
Woodcock and Pheasant Shooting	T. Simpson	-	103
Woodland Scene, A. From the Original Painting	-	Colour Plate, *facing page*	48
Wreckers (Collection of Sir Walter Gilbey)	-	-	55

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